

The Oxford County Citizen.

A. E. Herrick 6-10-23

VOLUME XXVII—NUMBER 36

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1922.

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INSTALLATIONS AT BETHEL

MT. ABRAM LODGE, I. O. O. F.
Friday evening, Jan. 13, the officers of Mt. Abram Lodge, No. 31, I. O. O. F., were installed in a very able and efficient manner by District Deputy Elmer Stiles assisted by Grand Marshall Wm. Cushman of South Paris. After the installation oyster stew was served.
The following officers were installed for the coming year:
Noble Grand—A. C. Brink
Vice Grand—E. L. Good
Secretary—Wesley Wheeler
Treasurer—O. K. Fox
Warden—Albert Gibbs
Conductor—Albert Gibbs
R. S. N. G.—D. M. Forbes
L. S. N. G.—Bion Brown
R. S. V. G.—Harry Savin
L. S. V. G.—Wallace Clark
R. S. S.—Roy Cummings
L. S. S.—R. A. Skilling
Chaplain—J. S. Hutchins
I. G.—Leslie Coburn
O. G.—B. W. Kimball

SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE

The officers of Sunset Rebekah Lodge, No. 64, were very pleasantly installed by Mrs. E. L. Brown, D. D. P., and Mrs. Bradbury, G. M., both of Norway, on Monday evening, Jan. 16.
Noble Grand—Lena Brink
Vice Grand—Emily Forbes
Rec. Sec.—Anna French
Fin. Sec.—Ida Packard
Treasurer—Cleo Russell
Chaplain—Mae Godwin
Warden—Alice Littlehale
Conductor—Mina Brown
R. S. N. G.—Susan Edwards
L. S. N. G.—Mary Clark
R. S. V. G.—Susie Plaisied
L. S. V. G.—Ida Douglas
I. G.—A. C. Frost
O. G.—Jasper Oates
After the installation refreshments were served and a social time enjoyed.

NACCOMI TEMPLE, PYTHIAN SISTERS

The installation of Nacconi Temple, No. 89, Pythian Sisters, occurred Wednesday evening, Jan. 11th.
The following officers were installed by Mrs. Grace Starbird, D. D. G. C., of Paris:
P. O.—Lena Brink
M. E. C.—Helen Baker
M. E. S.—Hester Sanborn
E. T.—Bessie Trask
Manager—Carrie French
M. R. C.—Minnie Bennett
M. of F.—Constance Wheeler
P. R. D.—Edith Rollins
G. O. T.—Evelyn Briggs
Refreshments were served after the installation.

MRS. MARY J. BARTLETT

The community was saddened Saturday to learn of the death of Mrs. Mary Bartlett, after a lingering illness of seven months. She bore her suffering with a smile and was tenderly cared for by her daughter, Mrs. Bertha Davis, and Mrs. W. H. Crockett.
Mrs. Bartlett was the only child of Nazrow and Joanna (Laddie) Wilson and was born in Mexico, Nov. 5, 1843. She was educated there and at Winthrop Academy. In 1865 she was married to Charles R. Bartlett, who passed away in 1910. One son, Mason G., was born to them, passing away in 1905 in California. For twenty-two years they kept Poplar Tavern, Norway; from there they went to Bryant Pond hotel for two years. They then moved to Berlin, N. H., returning to this place they purchased the hotel here. In 1903 they retired to private life.
Besides the above mentioned daughter she leaves a small granddaughter, several nieces and nephews.
Prayers were held at the home Monday for the family. Rev. J. H. Little officiated and spoke words of comfort.
Mrs. Bartlett was a member of Franklin Grange, Bryant Pond, and Brown Relief Corps, Bethel.
Burial will be at Dixfield in the spring.

BOARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our many friends and neighbors for their kindness during the long and painful illness of our loved one, and to Rev. Mr. Little for his comforting words.
Mr. and Mrs. Owen Davis,
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crockett,
Looke's Mills, Jan. 16, 1922.

GRANGE NEWS

PLEASANT VALLEY GRANGE
Tuesday evening, Jan. 10, the annual installation of officers of Pleasant Valley Grange took place. The meeting was open to the public and many were present in addition to the sixty members there. The work of installation was done very effectively by Brother Henry Edwards of Frederick Robie Grange, Otisfield. All the newly elected officers were present and were duly installed. A motion to change the meeting night to Wednesday instead of Tuesday was decisively defeated after a warm discussion. The executive committee submitted its annual report, showing the Grange to be in a very sound financial position. Prospects were never brighter for a good year. The ladies provided a delicious oyster supper for all present, after which young and old alike joined in games for half an hour. Brother Edwards was called upon and responded with a few words at the close of the meeting he was tendered a vote of thanks.

CANTON GRANGE

At Canton Grange meeting Saturday, the third and fourth degrees were conferred on two candidates in the forenoon. The following officers were installed by Deputy John Briggs and Mr. Briggs:
Master—C. E. Mendall
Overseer—M. E. Hussey
Lecturer—Mrs. Cora B. Fuller
Chaplain—Mrs. Helen Eastman
Steward—Arthur Marston
A. Steward—Pearl Hines
Treasurer—A. F. Russell
Secretary—Mrs. M. J. Childs
Gate Keeper—Bernice Dunn
L. A. Steward—Bernice Hines
Cores—Mrs. Margaret Fisher
Pomona—Mrs. Muriel Foote
Flora—Miss Wilma Hussey
Matrons appointed—Ethel W. Russell, Mrs. Alice Chamberlin, Mrs. Annie Campbell, Mrs. S. T. Hayden.
Finance Committee—Arthur Marston
Ivory Harmon, Mrs. C. W. Walker.
Relief Committee—Mrs. Helen Eastman, Mr. and Mrs. John Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Packard, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Adams.
Planlet—Mrs. Edith S. Ellis
Chorister—Ivory L. Harmon
The members of Canton Grange will visit Livermore Grange next Saturday.

BEAR RIVER GRANGE

Installation of officers of Bear River Grange was held Saturday, Jan. 14. Dinner was served to about 75, after which Brother Martin of Rumford Center Grange installed the officers in a very able and efficient manner. He was assisted by Brother Arnold Eames and Sister Gena Saunders of Bear River Grange; their work was also worthy of praise.

Master—F. W. Wright
Overseer—F. I. Fren h
Lecturer—Carrie French
Chaplain—S. P. Davis
Steward—Ernest Holt
A. Steward—Edward Bennett
Secretary—L. E. Wright
Gate Keeper—Ezra Chapman
Cores—Ida Wright
Pomona—Cora Davis
Flora—Nellie Holt
L. A. Steward—Minnie Bennett
The Lecturer presented the following program:
Installation Ode
Song. Brother and Sister Brink
Instrumental Music, violin.
Brother and Sister Wright with Sister Ford Branch as pianist
Reading, reciter. Carrie Wright
Instrumental Music. Gena Saunders
Reading, reciter. Ruth Kendall
Song. Mrs. A. E. K. Grover
Song. Brother and Sister Brink
Reading. Ford Branch
The Warden's Lecture called on Bertha Davis for a number.
A song out of thanks was extended to Brother Martin.
Group photo of all present.
There were 45 members present, 5 from Rumford Center, Bethel 1, Mount View 1, Norway 2, Umbagog 1, Upper 1, besides quite a number from the A. L. Academy.
Roll call for next meeting. Suggestions for the good of the order. Refreshments will be served.

OXFORD COUNTY POMONA

Oxford County Pomona will meet with Franklin Grange, Bryant Pond, Tuesday, Feb. 7th.
Hon. Percival P. Baxter, Governor of Maine, will be the chief speaker of the day.

The Crochet Club met with Mrs. Harriet Merrill, Friday evening and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The next meeting will be with Mrs. H. H. Hastings.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Hon. A. E. Herrick was in Portland, Friday.

Mrs. Bertha Harding was a visitor in Lewiston, Saturday.

Mrs. Harriet Cilley is spending a few days in Boston this week.

Mrs. Clyde Emery and Mrs. Effie Hall were in Portland, Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Capen is visiting her daughter, Miss Alice Capen.

Mr. William Forbes was in Berlin, N. H., a few days last week.

Miss Ethel Cole of Locke's Mills was a guest of Mrs. F. L. Edwards, Sunday.

Mr. Nahum Moore and family spent the week end with relatives in Rumford.

Rev. S. T. Achenbach, who has been confined to the house, is able to be out again.

Miss Helen Marr of South Waterford was a week end guest of Miss Lucy Whittier.

Mrs. F. L. Ordway and Miss Grace Farwell of West Bethel were in town, Tuesday.

Hon. H. H. Hastings and E. C. Park, Esq., attended Probate Court at South Paris, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Howe are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Jan. 11th.

Miss Emily Tuell of Sumner was a week end guest of her uncle, Dr. F. B. Tuell, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Luxton of Mass. were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Wheeler, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Taylor of Mill, N. H., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Edwards, Sunday.

Mrs. F. R. Green of Boston has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. H. King and family the past week.

Master Wendell King of West Paris visited his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kendall, Wednesday.

Mr. Fred Poole of Boston has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. King and family the past week.

Mrs. Fred P. Chandler of Auburn spent Tuesday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Chandler.

Mrs. David Babson and her baby daughter, Taska Rose, have returned home from Mrs. Abbott's Hospital.

Mr. D. M. Forbes attended the meeting of the Maine Press Association at Portland, Thursday and Friday of last week.

Mrs. Frank DeCosta of Norway and Mrs. Eugene Flood of Farmington visited their niece, Mrs. D. T. Durall, the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hutchinson and daughter have returned to their home in Portland after spending several weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Collins Morgan.

Last Wednesday afternoon Bethel was visited by the worst storm of the winter. A raging blizzard, high wind accompanied by snow. About 12 inches of snow fell.

The Women's Congregational Missionary Society of the State of Maine will meet at Webster church, last Sunday, Tuesday and Friday. Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Eliza will be the delegates from the Bethel Congregational church.

Last Wednesday afternoon Sheriff Davis captured two men who were wanted in Berlin for robbing a man of \$600. They were caught at the station while waiting for the down train. The chief of police of Berlin came down and took them back to Berlin Wednesday night.

Sunday morning word was received that Mrs. Minnie Littlehale Stearns had passed away at a hospital in Portland. The body arrived in Bethel on the 10:20 train and was met by Mr. S. S. Greenleaf and removed to his undertaking parlor, where it remained until Monday and was taken to the home of her sister, Mrs. Howard Thurston, Mechanic street, where funeral services were held, the burial being in the family lot at North Newry.

GOULD'S ACADEMY

Mr. Robinson spent Sunday in Portland.

Senior and Junior declamations are due Friday of this week.

All are glad to hear favorable reports from Dorothy Haines of the Junior class, who recently underwent a serious operation at McCarthy's Hospital.

Basketball is the topic of the hour at Gould's. An unusually large number are coming out for practice for both the boys and girls teams. The boys will play their first game on Friday evening of this week, when they meet the Gorham High School boys at Gorham.

The Y. W. C. A. will present a dramatization of "The Bird's Christmas Carol" at Odeon Hall on Thursday evening of this week. It was planned to give this entertainment before the Christmas vacation but various other school activities prevented its preparation. It is hoped that the tardy presentation of this Christmas play will not greatly lessen the enjoyment of those who witness it. Admission 25 cents, reserved seats 35 cents.

The following is the program:
Music, G. A. Orchestra
Prologue to Play, Ruth Hastings

ACT I
Scene: In the Bird House the week before Christmas

Music, Boys' Glee Club

ACT II
Scene in Buggies kitchen on Christmas Day.

Music, Violin and Trumpet Duet, Misses Humphrey and Cottrell

ACT III
Scene: Christmas evening at the Bird House.

The following is the cast of characters:
Carol Bird, Dorothy Goodnow
Mr. Bird, Raymond Chapman
Mrs. Bird, Inez Farris
Uncle Jack, Walter Inman
Elfrida, Carol's Nurse
Margaret Hanson
Elsie Eaman
Shirley Brooks
Donald Sweeney
Rodney Linnell
Ellen Cottrell
Lilla Morao
Rex Sessions
Lemuel Clough
Taylor Clough
Helen Beckler

Mr. D. C. Conroy, who is spending a few weeks in Florida, sent an alligator to his son, Rupert, recently.

Mr. H. H. King, Harry King, Jr., and Mr. Fred Poole spent Sunday at Camp "Point Comfort," Songo Pond.

Mrs. E. S. Kilborn of Portland was the guest of her mother at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Park, several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Swan have closed their home on Elm street and are spending the winter with their daughter, Mrs. E. L. Brown, and family.

Much sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gibbs whose little daughter, Laura Rose, passed away Monday evening. Although she had lived but eight months and twenty days, she will be sadly missed in the home. Funeral services were held at the home Wednesday afternoon at 1 o'clock, and the burial was at West Paris.

Mr. Mr. Wheaton, pastor of the Methodist church, spoke words of comfort. The funeral was in charge of Mr. S. S. Greenleaf, who accompanied the body to West Paris.

FARM BUREAU NEWS

One of the most important projects was discussed in the recent given of the Farm Bureau meeting last week, that of farm accounts. Earl Jordan of West Bethel is leader.

Mr. W. Foley is still suffering quite badly with the carbuncle on his neck. Mrs. Young is gaining fast. She is now able to get up.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa Howard and friend were callers at Beth Mason's, Sunday.

Mrs. Parlin is assisting Mrs. J. P. Skillings with her housework for awhile. The Judkins children are better of their colds.

Miss Mabel Shaw was a Sunday visitor at Beth Sanborn's.

Items for the Children positively must be in our office not later than 3 A. M. Wednesday morning to insure insertion in the paper.

THE J. E. JONES LETTER

THE PARTY SHIP

The republican leaders have been obliged to confess that the "independent voter" now not only votes at the polls, but also votes to the Congress. The discovery of these leaders is rather tardy, because this condition, which is no longer a theory, developed in the last year of Mr. Wilson's administration. "Old guard" newspapers are printing appealing editorials calling for "party solidarity" in Congress, and right now the party whip is being used in the National Capital. But those who are observing say that the whip has lost its "cracker."

The question as it exists today is not one so much of party loyalty as it is the audacity of an independent group to challenge the right of any group of officials to make a definite party program. Naturally the President is the party leader, but Mr. Harding is not stubborn in any demands or requests that he is making on Congress. He takes the logical position that the party program as set forth in the last campaign must be lived up to. The conflicting elements exist in the Senate and in the House. The "old guard" always has made the program and they have made it for this Congress. The independent groups constituting principally the men who represent the farming interests have looked over the "old guard" programs and served notice that these schedules will not do. Apparently they are paying no attention to the crack of the party whip.

THE AMERICAN FARMER IN POLITICS

The American Farm Bureau organization claims to have a paid membership of more than one million members. The central headquarters in Washington is a tremendous affair, as is shown by the fact that it spent \$493,393 during 1921. Even Wall Street would admit, if asked, that they are "going some." The American farmer feels aggrieved, inasmuch as his product is a raw material, which under the operation of the economic law is the first to feel the fall of prices. The American farmer therefore, told Congress definitely that the packers and the grain exchanges must be regulated and controlled, and their demands were enacted into law at the last session. The Federal Aid Road Bill was made to order by the "farm bloc" in Congress, and they punched holes in the tax bill and when it came through the legislative processes it measured up to all they asked for. Finally, the tariff bill that was promised last year has been subject to their objections, and everyone knows that the bill cannot be passed without the votes of the agricultural Senators.

There is a good deal of an outcry against the control of Congress by groups, and the discussion as to whether this is right or wrong is being debated in the press and by public officials, including members of the Cabinet, two of whom have condemned it. But all this seems to be rather fatuous, for the simple reason that the American farmer has actively entered into politics in an apparently practical way. These farm groups have the votes, beyond question, and they are using them to shape legislation the way they want it. There is nothing as very unusual about the condition, but it is unusual that everyone should know about it. Congress usually are controlled by some body—the farmers are unlike their predecessors who have been hoarding the jobs because they are bragging about it.

THE KNIFE IS OUT IN WISCONSIN

Another round is due in the battle between the Wisconsin Senators. When Mr. Larnet sought reelection he was opposed by Senator LaFollette, but he was out, nevertheless. Now Senator Larnet is to have his inning, and he has declared war all along the line against the senior Senator. Senator Larnet went as far as to ask the Senate Republicans to demand his colleague as a member of the party, but the suggestion was not acted upon. Both men are in the Senate as Republicans, but when they speak of each other it is usual for Senator LaFollette to describe Senator Larnet as a "reactionary," while Senator Larnet is likely to call his colleague mostly anything except that which is complimentary. The two men were originally staunch political and personal friends.

SUPERPOWER AS A HOPE OF THE FUTURE

Not much has been heard of late about the great superpower projects by which the waterpowers from Northern New England to the River James in Virginia would be tied together in groups of electric distributing units. The survey which was made under the leadership of the Geological Survey

MERRILL, SPRINGER CO. BANQUET AT BETHEL INN

The Merrill, Springer Company held its second annual "Get Together Meeting" at Bethel Inn last Saturday evening. A splendid turkey dinner was served at seven o'clock, with fifty-six seated at the tables. After the banquet Mr. N. S. Stowell of Dixfield gave a very interesting and instructive talk on general business conditions throughout the world. Dancing and a social evening followed. Among the out of town guests were Mr. N. S. Stowell, Miss Lizzie Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. George Stowell, all of Dixfield. Outside the local mill men and their wives, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Park and daughter, Muriel, were also the Company's guests for the evening.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. C. L. Wheaton, Pastor
At the Methodist church, Sunday, Jan. 22:
10:00 A. M. Meeting of Mother's Jewels.
10:45. Morning worship with sermon by the pastor. Subject, "The Temptations of Life."
Sunday School at noon, A. C. Adams, Supt.
Evening worship at 7:00.
The Ladies' Aid meets at the church Thursday afternoon.
Conference group meeting on Friday beginning at 11 A. M. The public cordially invited. The following is the program for the day:
11:00 A. M. Are our Churches gaining, or waning, in Spiritual Power? The Prayer Meeting, its Place in Church Life
One Hundred per cent Centenary Projects, Dr. A. W. Martin from Tonki, China
Boston University Endowment, Dr. Hoagland, Boston, Mass.
2:00 P. M. Lay Activities in the Church. How Utilized.
Enterprises of the Board of Foreign Missions, Dr. A. W. Martin Christian Stewardship,
Dr. J. M. Gage, Boston, Mass.
7:15 P. M. The Revival Service, When and How, Dr. B. Holt
The Centenary at Home and Abroad, Illustrated by Stereopticon,
Dr. J. M. Gage
Dinner and supper served at the church for those from out of town. The people of the community are cordially invited to these sessions.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Rev. S. T. Achenbach, Pastor
Thursday, Jan. 19, 3 P. M.: Meeting of the Ladies' Club with Mrs. Valentine.
Sunday, Jan. 22:
10:45: Morning worship. Brief talk to children. Theme of sermon to women, "Two Friends of Jesus Who Were Unlike—Martha and Mary." Solo.
12:00: Sunday School.
4:00: Junior C. E. meeting. Topic, "Why and How to be Cheerful." Leader, Marie Chapman.
7:00: Christian Endeavor or prayer meeting.
Monday, Jan. 23, 7 o'clock: Meeting of the pastor's training class.
Wednesday, Jan. 25, 8:45: Rehearsal of the chorus.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

Rev. J. H. Little, Pastor
Services next Sunday morning at 10:45.
Sunday School at 12:00.
Evening service at 7:00.
Seats free. All are welcome.

CHARLES WARREN HOWE

The sad news of the death of Charles Warren Howe of Montana was received by relatives Jan. 13.
Mr. Howe was the second son of the late Almon and Nancy (Andrew) Howe. He was born in Bethel, Nov. 31, 1846, where he passed his boyhood days. He was a soldier in the Civil War, being mustered into service of Company I, 12th Maine Volunteers, March 17, 1865. Mr. Howe was never married. In his early manhood, with others, he went to Montana and settled at Butte City, where he has since resided. He was a member of Bethel Lodge, No. 97, F. and A. M.
Mr. Howe is survived by two brothers, Wm. C. Howe of Waltham, Mass., and Fred B. Howe of Bethel, and one sister, Mrs. C. E. Wyman, of St. Anthony, Idaho.
Mr. Howe will be remembered by a wide circle of friends and relatives in Bethel, Hanover, and other towns, as a genial, true-hearted friend, a loyal son and brother, and well wisher of all good.

Continued on page 8

FARM FOR SALE

120 acres; 2 story house with all and shed, barn 40x75, all connected, in good condition, with never failing water supply, bath, hot and cold water, individual drinking buckets for cattle. Cuts 35 tons hay, good pasture, good wood lot, smooth fields, 125 bearing apple trees, small fruit, strawberries and raspberries, on main road, in thrifty farming community, near neighbors. Telephone and R. F. D., 1 1/2 miles from South Paris village. Price, \$7,500. Including whole equipment of farm machinery, 17 cows, 2 heifers and hay. Half cash, balance on mortgage. For sale by

L. A. BROOKS, Real Estate Dealer
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE

IRA C. JORDAN

General Merchandise

BETHEL, MAINE

Bargains in Overshoes

Misses' 3-Buckle Overshoes, first quality, all sizes, 11, 11 1-2, 12, 12 1-2, 13, 13 1-2, 1, 1 1-2 and 2, for \$2.50.

Child's 3-Buckle Overshoes, first quality, all sizes from 5 to 10 1-2, \$2.25.

Keep the little feet warm and dry, and they will be happy and healthy.

E. N. SWETT SHOE CO.

Opera House Block
NORWAY, MAINE
Phone 38-2

We have a first class repair shop, Geo. L. Davee in charge.

The Citizen costs \$2 a year. Subscribe today.

To the Insuring Public.

We are prepared to handle your Insurance needs, promptly, carefully, and in wholly reliable companies.

STUART W. GOODWIN
INSURANCE
146 Main St., Norway, Maine

Granulated Dog Food

For Dogs and Puppies.

Granulated Dog Food is made of the highest grade Cereals, Beef, Blood, and Bone meal obtainable. It is all thoroughly cooked, and ready to feed.

In appearance, Granulated Dog Food looks like breakfast food, being light brown in color, crisp and sweet to the taste. It is relished by all dogs, once they become accustomed to it. It is always uniform, and if kept dry, will keep indefinitely.

Since it is granular, it can easily be fed with any other food, or mixed in soups, broth, milk, etc., or it may be fed alone. The clean, wholesome appearance of this Dog Food will appeal to those who wish the best for their dogs. **YOU WILL FIND IT FAR SUPERIOR TO THE ORDINARY DOG FOOD FOUND ON THE MARKET.**

Granulated Dog Food assures good health to your dog, and keeps him full of pep. It is highly nutritious, easily assimilated, produces glossy coat and steady nerves. It may be fed to all breeds, whether small or large. It is an excellent food for puppies.

Price per pound, 20 cents, postage extra. On all orders for five pounds or over, cash with order, we will pay postage.

Pure Soaps for Use on Dogs

Charcoal Soap for the dogs' bath, or to rid them of fleas. One cake lasts indefinitely. Price 20 cents

Saponified Coconut Oil with pleasing perfume. Excellent for a cleansing agent, and leaves hair soft and silky.

MERRILL'S DISPENSARY

South Paris, Maine.

Telephone 17-11

BUBBLES
This world is full of bubbles,
And did you ever think
To liken them to people
With your pen and ink?

It makes me smile and smile,
And then to smile some more
When I think of bubbles
As people on the floor.

It may be your friend,
It may be mean as fair,
That pretty little bubble
Floating round way up in the air.

But just as sure as life,
Who's ever it may be,
That pretty little bubble
Will burst—and then—Oh me!

And did you hear it spatter
As it gets its fall,
That pretty little bubble,
Into nothingness at all.

It should be a lesson
To you and I, my friend,
To be our own true self
To the very, very end.

R. K. F.

HARSH CATHARTICS ARE HARMFUL

SECURE RELIEF PLEASANTLY

Constipation results from the inability of the intestines to eliminate waste matter. Harsh cathartics and drugs of metallic origin force action; but they do not correct the cause of constipation. Early settlers treated constipation with natural laxatives. An extract was made from herbs, roots, barks and leaves with laxative qualities. Dr. True's Elixir, the True Family Laxative, is a compound of extracts from natural plants—a pure, mild, pleasant and effective old-fashioned, home made laxative that for 71 years has been a favorite. Its regular use relieves constipation and fortifies the body against more serious illnesses. You are safe with Dr. True's Elixir. 40c—60c—\$1.20. Advertisement

The Story of Our States

By JONATHAN BRACE

VIII.

SOUTH CAROLINA



AS MARYLAND had been made a proprietary government, in like manner the territory

extending from Virginia to Florida was granted by Charles II in 1683 to eight gentlemen as a reward for their efforts in his behalf. The name Carolina comes from the Latin, Carolus, meaning Charles. It was not really named after Charles II, but originally in honor of Charles IX, king of France, by Huguenots who built a fort near Beaufort in 1662.

The fact that the Carolinas became later two distinct colonies was due to chance. It happened that the earliest settlements located at points far removed from each other. The first permanent settlements in South Carolina were about Charleston, while those in North Carolina were around Albemarle sound. The life in the two sections also was quite different. South Carolina was largely devoted to the cultivation of rice and indigo and the planters grew very rich with their large estates on which the labor was performed by slaves. In fact, just before the Revolution the population showed twice as many blacks as whites.

In 1720 the government of the Carolinas was turned back by the lord proprietors to the king and there was then formed the two separate provinces.

South Carolina was the eighth state to adopt the Constitution, the vote of ratification being passed in May, 1788. The Palmetto state, as South Carolina is sometimes called, extends over 30,089 square miles, and it participates in the presidential election to the extent of nine electors.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

STONEHAM

Glenor Wilson and Louise Trimback of No. Lovell attended the dance here last Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barker and daughter, Vesta, called on Mrs. A. F. Moody, recently.

Mrs. C. L. Parker has been sick with a bad cold.

Mr. and Mrs. Merton McAllister spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. McAllister.

The Circle here two weeks ago was a large one. After supper all gathered around the organ and sang for awhile, then the young people enjoyed themselves playing games. There will be a Circle here again this week, Jan. 12. All are invited.

Mrs. Frank Grover is caring for Mrs. Herbert Rich and infant son at Albany.

Harold Farrington and friend, Theo McAllister, visited at Frank Grover's, Monday, Jan. 9.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Barker visited friends in Lovell, recently.

Joan McAllister visited her friend, Gloria Grover, here Saturday evening. Catherine Littlefield was home from Norway, where she is attending school. She called on Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Moody and Arthur Curtis and family. Miss Littlefield returned to Norway, Monday.

H. A. Dabman of Albany spent the week end among friends at Stoneham.

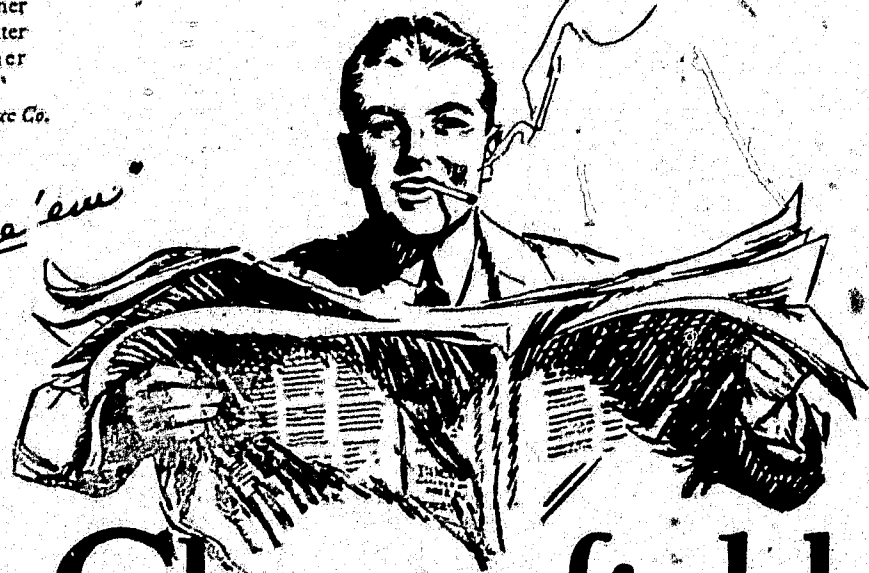


Taste is a matter of tobacco quality

We state it as our honest belief that the tobaccos used in Chesterfield are of finer quality (and hence of better taste) than in any other cigarette at the price.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

"I like 'em"



Chesterfield
CIGARETTES

of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended

Lower Prices

20 now 18c

10 now 9c

(Two 10's—18c)

"They Satisfy"

ANDOVER

Mrs. Leon Worthley, who has been in the McCarty Hospital for two weeks, is visiting her niece at Frye. She is improved in health.

Frank Keith went to Auburn, Saturday, to see his father, Rev. J. F. Keith, who is very ill.

Rev. Warren Campbell, who was called to Portland by the death of his father a short time ago, has returned to Andover.

Will Cutting and Nelson Campbell are at the lakes getting wood and ice. Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Glover entertained at dinner Sunday their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Learned and children, Mr. and Mrs. George Barrington and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Silver and baby.

The young people held their whist party in the Hook and Ladder Hall, Thursday evening with a good number present. Dainty refreshments were served. The first prizes were won by Mary Hewey and Lawrence Parsons, the second by Mrs. Lawrence Parsons and Ralph Akers.

The King's Daughters will be entertained Thursday afternoon by Mrs. C. A. Rand.

Y. A. Thurston returned Saturday from a week's trip to Boston.

Mary Hewey is working in the spool mill.

The Ladies' Aid of the Congregation-

al church held their annual meeting recently and elected the following officers: President, Mrs. C. A. Andrews; vice president Mrs. Ralph Thurston; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. C. A. Rand. The Aid was entertained by Mrs. Fred Milton, Wednesday of last week and the following committees for the year were announced: Finance work, Mrs. Agnes Milton, Mrs. Katherine McAllister, Mrs. Lillie Thurston, Mrs. Florence Learned, Mrs. Evelyn Stevens; Apron Com., Mrs. Emma Lovejoy, Mrs. Olive Akers, Mrs. Frank Field, Mrs. Emma Pratt, Mrs. Jessie Merrill; Food Table, Mrs. Nora Grossman, Mrs. Nellie Dunning; Handkerchief Table, Mrs. Nellie French, Mrs. Leona McAllister; Candy Table, Ivy Thurston, Alma Grover; Grabs, Mrs. Abbie Poor, Mrs. Vine Mills; Collector, Mrs. Agnes Milton.

The installation of Cabot Lodge, K. of P., was held in the town hall, Friday evening, Jan. 13. The installing officer was Deputy Grand Chancellor Elliot Knight of Hanover. The officers for the coming year are: Bert Feener, Chancellor Commander; Lawrence Parsons, Vice Chancellor Commander; Waldo Merrill, Prelate; Clifford Paye, Master of Work; Clarence Hall, Master of Exchequer; Charles Poor, Master of Records and Seal; Bert Hutchins, Master at Arms; Steven Marston, In-

ner Guard; Ralph Remington, Outer Guard. A fine program was given during the installation. After the bountiful supper of baked beans and pastry was served a few dances were enjoyed.

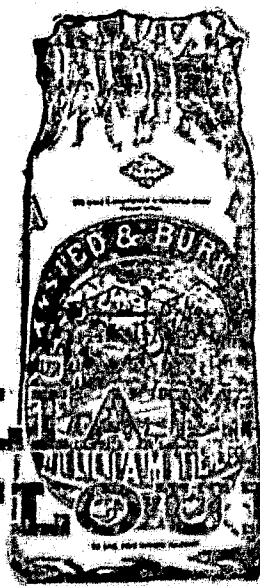
The North Andover Whist Club was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John K. Hewey, Saturday evening with six tables at play. Refreshments of sandwiches, cake and coffee were served. Mrs. Earle Marston and Sylvanus Learned won the first prizes and John Hewey and Lucile Marston the second. Annie Akers from Rumford was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Akers, Saturday and Sunday.

The Grange Sewing Circle will hold an all day meeting with Mrs. Clarence Hall, Thursday.

Lone Mt. Grange will install its officers for the coming year Saturday, Jan. 28. Mr. J. H. Martin of Rumford Point will be the installing officer. Mrs. George Learned is visiting Mrs. Dorothy Baker.

Better'n an Ice Wagon.

When two little Irish boys asked a woman in an electric machine for a ride, she looked into the upturned dirty faces and couldn't resist. While driving to the street they had designed they sat perfectly still with eyes focused straight ahead, but when they got out she heard one say: "Gee, that's better'n ridin' a ice wagon, hain't it?"



WILLIAM TELL
FLOUR

You'll be surprised—just as other women have been—at your success with your first sack of WILLIAM TELL. You'll wonder whether the next one will be as good. You'll soon learn, however, that WILLIAM TELL is always the same, that you can always depend upon its superior baking qualities, its purity and its delicious flavor.

Try that first sack today. There's no risk for you, as WILLIAM TELL is sold under a guarantee of complete satisfaction.

Tell your Grocer—WILLIAM TELL

Yes, the price is down—just about cut in two from what you used to pay.

For Sale by J. B. HAM CO., Bethel, Maine

11

Three Friendly Gentlemen

The perfect cigarette in one package

one cigarette

15c

Three Friendly Gentlemen

The perfect cigarette in one package

one cigarette

15c

Three Friendly Gentlemen

The perfect cigarette in one package

one cigarette

15c

Three Friendly Gentlemen

The perfect cigarette in one package

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The perfect cigarette in one package

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Three Friendly Gentlemen

The perfect cigarette in one package

one cigarette

15c

Three Friendly Gentlemen

The perfect cigarette in one package

one cigarette

15c

Three Friendly Gentlemen

The perfect cigarette in one package

one cigarette

15c

111 one eleven cigarettes



Three Friendly TURKISH VIRGINIA GENTLEMEN BURLEY

The perfect blend of the three perfect cigarette tobaccos in one perfect cigarette

one-eleven cigarettes 15¢ for 20

20 American Cigarette Co. 111 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY

CANTON

Mrs. Elvira L. Washburn of Canton passed away Wednesday night at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ethel W. Hollis, of Portland, with whom she was spending the winter. She was born in Canton, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Delano, and had been an esteemed resident of this town all her life. She married W. H. H. Washburn, who passed away many years ago. They had two daughters, one, who married John Dillon, and has passed on, and Ethel, the widow of James Hollis, who resides in Portland. She is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Roselle Marsh of Dixfield and Mrs. George O. Hayford of Sacramento, Calif., two brothers, Ira Delano, who resides in the West, and Mansfield C. Delano of Sacramento, Calif., by three grandchildren and great grandchildren, also nephews and nieces. She was a charter member of Evergreen Chapter, O. E. S., and of John A. Dodge Relief Corps. The remains were brought to Canton, accompanied by her two grandsons, and placed in the tomb.

Elmer H. York, who submitted to a critical surgical operation at his home Wednesday, when his eyes were removed, is getting along nicely, the operation being very successful.

Mrs. J. H. Puffer of Farmington has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Hollis.

John K. Forhan has been spending a few days in Portland.

The Scandinavian Club met Tuesday with Mrs. S. B. Ellis.

Two children of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Porter of Hartford are ill with scarlet fever.

Word has been received of the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Carey Hadley of Marblehead, Mass., which occurred suddenly Tuesday at her home. She is well known in Canton and Hartford. She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Geo. Graves and Miss May L. Hadley, of Marblehead, Mass.

At the last Chamber of Commerce meeting the reports made about getting electric lights in Canton were very encouraging. John Briggs resigned as secretary and H. Frank Richardson was elected to fill the vacancy.

The grade schools are to hold a fair at the school room of Mrs. Josephine Wilson next Friday evening and will also have an entertainment, the proceeds to go toward the hot dinners served at the schools.

A little surprise was given Mrs. J. H. Puffer after the regular meeting of Evergreen Chapter, O. E. S., Tuesday evening. She was given a silver shower, which was called "a silver mine," a pretty silver basket being placed on a table, which contained pieces of silver money and with each a piece of original poetry, which included jokes, and also best wishes for her future happiness. The Worthy Patron, C. E. Merrill, called Mrs. Puffer to the table, and in behalf of Evergreen Chapter extended to her congratulations and good wishes. As each package was opened the poetry was read by the recipient and caused much amusement. Mrs. Puffer feelingly thanked the members for their expression of love and good will. Refreshments of cake, fancy cookies, coffee and all kinds of home made candy were served.

Dr. C. J. Burgess of Lawrence, Mass., was in town, Saturday.

Mrs. Cora Fuller returned Friday from an extended visit with her son, Ralph Fuller, and family of Belmont, Mass.

Mrs. Cora Fuller returned Friday from an extended visit with her son, Ralph Fuller, and family of Belmont, Mass.

Mrs. Frank Oliver is on the sick list. Those who attended New Century Pomona at East Sumner, Wednesday, were: Mr. and Mrs. John Briggs, A. F. Russell, Ethel Russell, Carrie Hay-

ford, Mrs. Anna Bailey, Mrs. Effie Davenport, Mrs. Helen Eastman, Mrs. Elsie Hines, Mrs. E. L. Darrington, Mrs. F. R. Sargent. Union Grange and the Pomona held a joint installation, C. O. Purlington, the State Overseer, being the installing officer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Robinson of Gilbertville are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Jan. 9th.

A game of basketball was played at Canton, Friday evening, between the Rumbors and Cantons. The Rumbors won in a score of 22 to 15.

Mrs. Effie Davenport has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Noyes of West Paris and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perkins of South Paris.

Mrs. Annie T. Rose is able to be out since her illness.

Mrs. Carrie McCollister of Mechanic Falls is spending a few weeks at the home of R. E. McCollister and family.

Frank M. Oliver has charge of the railroad station at Hartford Centre.

Walter Barton of Somerville, Mass., is a guest of Asia E. Hayford and sister.

Chas. R. Swett has gone to Poland Springs to work.

Hattie Chamberlain is at work for A. I. Oldham of Hartford.

The Universalist Circle met Thursday with Mrs. Flora Dodge and the following officers elected:

President—Mrs. Almee Chamberlain
1st Vice Pres.—Mrs. A. H. Ray
2d Vice Pres.—Mrs. Philura Strout
Sec.—Mrs. Mabel Glines
Treas.—Mrs. Etta Gilbert
Chaplain—Mrs. Etta Gilbert
Collector—Mrs. A. H. Ray

Longfellow quotations were given at this meeting and a treat served. The next meeting will be held with Mrs. A. H. Ray when a McKinley day will be held.

Harris Jones and family are moving to Rumbors.

Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes installed the officers of the Universalist Sunday School, Sunday forenoon. The officers are as follows:

Supt.—Mrs. Evie York
Asst. Supt.—Mrs. Helen Ellis
Sec.—Mrs. Mabelle Glines
Treas.—Mrs. Almee Chamberlain
Supt. of Home Department—Mrs. Flora Dodge

C. R. H. D.—Mrs. Julia Adams
Librarian—Miss Mildred Chamberlain
Teachers—Mrs. Evie York, Mrs. Helen Ellis, Miss Gertrude Berry, Mrs. Lillie Bicknell, Miss Alice Chamberlain.

Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Burgess and Frederick Allen of Lawrence, Mass., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Wadlin for the week end. They spent Sunday at the bungalow, which has been purchased of O. M. Richardson.

Mrs. Hattie J. Grover of Waltham, Mass., arrived in town Saturday to spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Richardson.

RICHARDSON HOLLOW
Anttil Helle Iken of Livermore Falls has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Peter Kuvaja.

Walter Penley has sold his farm to Peter Pulvinen of West Paris.

Cora Noyes fell recently and hurt her side.

R. E. Chapman has been hauling ice for Arthur and John Noyes.

Peter Kuvaja has a new engine and wood saw outfit.

Walter Noyes was a recent guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Noyes. He is attending school in Boston.

Mrs. R. E. Chapman saw 14 robins in a tree near her home a few days ago.

R. E. Chapman hauled a load of hay for G. W. Richardson, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Thurston are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter, Jan. 9.

Mrs. David Thurston of Norway is the guest of Mrs. C. P. Thurston.

The many friends of Mrs. G. W. Richardson will be sorry to learn that she has been very ill at her new home at South Paris.

EAST BETHEL
Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Howe were over the week end guests of A. G. Howe and Miss Etta Howe at Hanover.

Mrs. Loretta B. Bean enjoyed the past week, the guest of her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Will B. Bartlett.

Envelopes from 6 cents to 25 cents per bunch, and paper from 10 cents to 65 cents per pound at the Citizen Office.

Her Opinion Does Not Change

Mrs. John L. Jackson of New York, N. Y., has used the L. F. Medicine for several years, and she still feels that it can be used as a tonic and medicine. She has found it invaluable in warding off biliousness and would not be without it.

You are not experimenting when you use "L. F. Medicine." It has hosts of friends who are never without a bottle in the house.

L. F.

Mrs. Frank Oliver is on the sick list. Those who attended New Century Pomona at East Sumner, Wednesday, were: Mr. and Mrs. John Briggs, A. F. Russell, Ethel Russell, Carrie Hay-

L. F. MEDICINE CO., Portland, Me.

THE WEARY WAY

Daily Becoming Less Wearisome to Many in Bethel

With a back that aches all day, With rest disturbed at night, Annoying urinary disorders, 'Tis a weary way, indeed.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially for kidney trouble. Ask your neighbor. Are endorsed by Bethel citizens.

Mrs. A. L. Holt, 7 Elm St., Bethel, says: "We have used Doan's Kidney Pills in our home and wouldn't be without a box handy in case of need. I used Doan's a year ago when my kidneys were out of order and I had severe spells of backache. Everything seemed a drag to me when going about my household. I would be so dizzy I was afraid to walk across the floor for fear of falling. I could see black specks before my eyes. As soon as I began using Doan's Kidney Pills which I got at Bosserman's Drug Store, I got relief and three boxes cured me. I take pleasure in recommending Doan's."

Price 60¢, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Holt had. Foster-Milburn, Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE LIVING WELL

Notwithstanding the general impression that the consuming public has been abstaining from buying, the January review of retail trade, now completed by the National Retail Dry Goods Association, demonstrates that, for months past, the American people have been buying more, at lower prices—have, in fact, been living much more generously than they did in the latter part of 1920.

During November, 1921, retail trade fell off 13.7 per cent in gross value as compared with November, 1920, but prices declined to far greater extent, in typical dry goods staples more than one-third and in many other instances as much as 40 per cent. The 13.7 per cent reduction in gross value of sales, taken in connection with the very much greater reduction in merchandise prices, represents almost double the volume of goods purchased by the consumer for November, 1921, as compared with November, 1920.

This very great increase in consumption progressed further during December, when retail stores in many large centers of population reported sales value as well as sales volume in excess of December, 1920, and few stores anywhere in the United States experienced a demand smaller than that of December, 1920.

Figures of exceptional interest have been assembled in connection with the distribution of the gross value of retail trade for November, 1921, as compared with that of November, 1920, when public extravagance in expenditure was at its height. The decline in gross value of sales for November, 1921, as compared with November, 1920, for 145 selected department stores throughout the United States was 4.5 per cent, while the four leading mail order houses suffered a decrease of 63.8 per cent. Increases are recorded for several other classes of retail enterprise, ten chains of grocery stores gaining 15.0 per cent; five drug store chains gaining 19.1 per cent; four 5 and 10-cent chains, 22 per cent, and three cigar store chains, 23.1 per cent.

The relatively slight decrease sustained by the department stores is attributed to their exceptional facilities for showing the goods, their courageous adherence to the policy of extensive advertising, and their very general response, even at the cost of large direct losses, to the popular demand for lower prices, a policy which resulted in public confidence and very marked good will. The outstanding decline in mail order trade is attributed to inherent inability to show goods, combined with restriction of purchasing power in rural districts. The increase in chain store sales has been due, in marked measure, to increase in the number and the extension of enterprises of this class.

The figures applying to department stores would be misleading, in view of the general impression that the public had been drastically cut off by the so-called market, especially where it was accustomed to deal with department stores, were it not for the announcement of the findings of the Bureau of Business Research of Harvard University, which analyzed the operating expenses of 203 typical department stores for the fiscal year of 1920. Harvard University's exhaustive investigation shows that the common figure for total expenses in such enterprises for 1920 was 22.9 per cent of net sales, including an average net profit of 1.8 per cent on every sale.

The simple explanation of the extremely large volume of merchandise purchased by the American people, during the period when the outcry against high prices was loudest, appears to be that in practice the public fully realized the extent of price reductions and bought to the extent of its purchasing capacity.

WEST PARIS

The West Paris High School will present the popular three act drama, "The Private Tutor," at Grange Hall, Wednesday evening, Jan. 25, with the following characters:

Fred Spencer, who believes that experience is the best teacher,
Henry Briggs
Karl Briggs
Mr. Spencer, his father, who owns an oil well,
Simeon Fair
Hans Dinkelderfer, his undoing, the leader of a little German band,
Stanley Perham
Howard Wardwell

Mrs. Spencer, Ned's mother, who feels the responsibility of the oil well and has social aspirations, Myrtle Brook Dolly Spencer, his sister, who has a mind of her own, Annie Chandler Mrs. Snap, a detective, Iola Chandler

There will be an installation of the officers of Granite Chapter, O. E. S., on Thursday evening, Jan. 26. All members and their families and Masons and their families are invited to attend.

Arthur Ricker of Bristol, N. H., spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ricker.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Estes were called to Thetford, Vt., by the death of her brother, Harold Porter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ezekiel Porter, formerly of Paris.

Fred Scott, whose death occurred at Portland last week, was formerly station agent here and his family resided here.

Perley A. Wyman died at his home in Woodstock on Saturday. The funeral was held from the Baptist church, Tuesday P. M., Rev. H. F. Aldrich officiating. He was the son of Freeman L. Wyman and the late Augusta (Perkins) Wyman, and was born in Woodstock, Nov. 1, 1875. During the past few years he has been associated with his father on the large farm, Pleasant Valley Fruit Farm, and also did a large poultry business. He was an Odd Fellow.

Max Flint, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Packard, died early last Wednesday morning. The baby was frail from his birth, although slowly gaining, until an attack of pneumonia resulted in his final illness. He was born Nov. 27, 1920. The funeral was held Friday afternoon from the home, Rev. H. A. Markley officiating, and the interment was in West Paris cemetery.

Besides the parents he is survived by his grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Packard, and Mrs. Flint of West Baldwin, a great grandfather, L. B. Carter, and other relatives. Much sympathy is expressed for the bereaved family.

There will be a business meeting of the Universalist parish, Thursday evening.

Dr. Wight of Bethel was in town Tuesday of last week in consultation with Drs. Packard and Wheeler in the case of little Max Packard.

Rev. H. F. Aldrich attended the annual meeting of the officers of the State Sunday School Association in Augusta Wednesday and Thursday of last week. Mont Hollis has been quite ill from acute indigestion.

Mike Carbin attended the wedding of a niece in Lynn, Mass., recently. When in Lynn he was run down by an auto and dragged some distance, from which he suffered injuries.

The Helping Hands Class of the Federated Sunday School held their annual meeting Friday at the home of Mrs. J. W. Gamblings. The class numbers twenty-five. Officers elected as follows:

Pres.—Mrs. Minnie Day
Vice Pres.—Mrs. Gertrude Aldrich
Sec.—Mrs. Minnie Coffin
Treas.—Mrs. Della Brock

Teacher—Mrs. Columbia Dunham
Mr. and Mrs. Burton J. Emery were given a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Coffin. They will go to housekeeping in the old hotel.

MIDDLE INTERVALE ROAD
Mr. C. A. Capen and family were at Middle Intervale, Sunday.

Mrs. J. M. Coolidge spent a couple of days at W. B. Baker's last week.

Miss Minnie Capen is at her sister's, at Middle Intervale, where she is to spend the remainder of the winter.

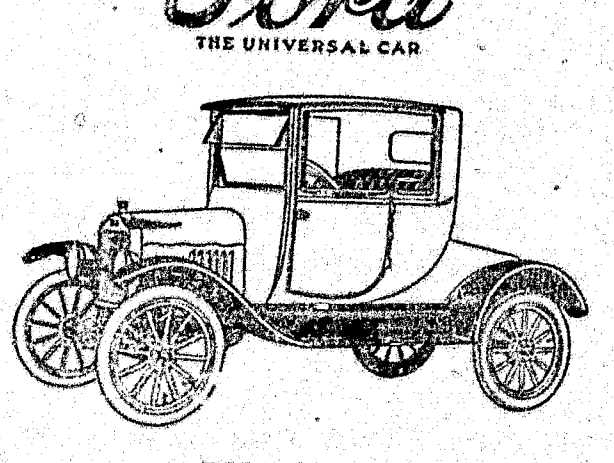
Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Coolidge were at J. P. Coolidge's, Monday.

Miss Dimple Chapman is visiting at Mrs. Ned Carter's.

Mrs. Mary J. Capen is spending a few days at Prof. Chapman's.

Perley Tripp is going to school at Middle Intervale.

No Final Form of Art.
There are no final forms of art because truth has always been beauty to reveal and beauty new truth to illustrate.—Hamilton Wright Maile.



Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

FORD COUPE

Two-Passenger. Standard equipment includes Ford Starting and Lighting System, Demountable Rims, Non-Skid tires all around, extra rim and tire carrier.

Price \$580 F. O. B. Detroit

HERRICK & COBB, Agents
BETHEL, MAINE

L. F. PIKE CO.
Men's Clothing Stores

\$19.50 \$24.50 \$29.50

for All Wool Suits

is a reasonable price under present conditions.

Our variety is large.

WE FURNISH FREE

the services of a first class tailor to fit these suits to you just as you want them. This service is worth much to you as you have your own ideas carried out and a fit you feel proud of.

Special Values in Overcoats and Mackinaws

THE BOYS' SUITS and OVERCOATS

LIKE THE JOHNNY TUPANTS and JACK-O-LEATHER makes are the kind it pays to buy your boys. The Jack-O-Leathers have leather lined seat, knee and elbows. Leather tipped pockets, too.

We have the cheap suits if you think it best to buy them.

We wish you would get the habit of writing, telephoning or better visiting our two stores. We are confident we can please you. We'll try our best. Always glad to send goods on approval.

NORWAY Blue Stores SOUTH PARIS

January Is the Month of Money Saving

Every woman with a saving instinct realizes this. A great many are taking advantage of our generous mark-down on Ladies' COATS, SUITS, DRESSES and SKIRTS.

WARM WAISTS FOR COLD DAYS

EDEN CLOTH WAISTS, medium colors, neat stripes, collar that can be worn high or low, the price is \$1.95. Same style of wool, \$3.95.

POPLIN WAISTS at \$1.95, made in white, very silky finish, a very desirable style.

PLEATED SERGE BLOOMERS

Navy blue, all wool, in children's and misses' sizes, priced \$2.95.

WOOL MIDDY BLOUSES

Best grade Wool Flannel, braid trimmed.

Variety Basement Store

Here is a partial list of the many useful things that we have in this new department

Enamel Ware, Pyrex Ware, Aluminum and Glass Ware of all kinds; Bread Knives, Paring Knives, Spoons of all kinds, Table Knives and Forks, Baskets, Curtain Rods, Picture Hooks, Cup Hooks, Wardrobe Hooks, Door Straps, Clothes Lines, Wood Chopping Bowls, Brackets, Kitchen Hammers, Screw Drivers, Thermometers, Clothes Pins, Towel Racks, Hat Racks, Chair Sets, Whisk Brooms, Wool Dusters, Hand Brushes of all kinds, Waste Baskets, Cookie Cutters, Lemon Juice Extractors, Asbestos Mats, Corn Poppers, Wire Carpet Beaters, Lunch Boxes, Clothes Sticks, Spatulas, Butcher Knives, Universal Vacuum Bottles, Soap Dishes, Wire Broilers, Suds Dippers, Graters, Dish and Floor Mops, O'cedar Mops, Match Holders, Mystic Mitts, Can Openers, Egg Beaters, Tin Skimmers, Potato Mashers, Dust Pans, Food Choppers, Dish Drainers, Apple Corers, Stove Pokers, Coal Shovels, Stove Cover Lifters, Fry Pans of all kinds, Wash Basins, Dairy Pans, Squash Sieves, Milk Skimmers, Cake Turners, and hundreds of other useful articles

Brown, Buck & Co.

Norway, Maine

RUMFORD

Submaster Harold Noyes of the Rumford High School completed his duties at the school as teacher of Chemistry and Physics last week, and will have charge of a vocational course which is to be put into the school and operated at the Oxford mill. Donald Lambert, U. of M. 1921, will succeed Mr. Noyes in the teaching of Chemistry and Physics. Mr. Lambert is the son of Mrs. Edna Lambert of Franklin street, and the grandson of Mr. I. W. Greene, with whom Mrs. Lambert makes her home.

Miss James E. Hovey of Tropic street is suffering with various troubles. The engagement is announced of Miss Edna Abbott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Verna Abbott of the Rumford Hotel, and Mr. Edgar Chester Taylor of Chicago, N. H. Miss Abbott is at present attending to the duties of the school of the public school.

Miss Susan Martin left on Monday of the week for Jacksonville, Fla., where she will spend the remainder of the winter with relatives.

Miss Helen Mendenhall left on Friday for a trip of several weeks through the South.

At a meeting held last week and attended by about 250 of its citizens, a New England League was formed. A chairman, secretary and treasurer were elected, and town affairs were discussed in general. It is understood that the League will present several candidates for office at the annual town meeting.

O. J. Fitch and Edward J. Harpe, it is understood, are being urged to run for the office of schoolmen.

The Municipal Court of Rumford, of which James B. Stevenson is Judge, has turned over to the County Treasurer for the year just ended, the sum of \$1,875.83, this amount being the total of fees and costs imposed by the Court. Eaton and Worcester, Mass.

This amount does not include fines for the violation of the Fish and Game Laws, as these amounts are forwarded to the commissioner of Inland Fisheries and Game. All fines for the violation of the Motor Vehicle Laws, since the 1st of July have been sent to the State Highway Commission.

In spite of the conditions as they have been in Rumford for the past eight months, the work of Tax Collector William F. Cyr, in the matter of collecting the taxes is highly commendable and deserving of much credit. With a total commitment of the town taxes as \$246,254.41, there is made only \$6,950 to be collected. The commitment of the Rumford Falls Village Corporation is \$50,023.60, and of this amount, there is yet to be paid, about \$2,500. The sale of property on which taxes remain unpaid will be held at the Municipal Building on Monday, Feb. 6th.

The officers of the Knights of Pythias, Rumford Branch, for the coming year are: Captain, Fred Blackmore; 1st Lieutenant, Clyde Hanson; 2nd Lieutenant, Thomas H. Ellis; Recorder, Harry E. Kerr; Treasurer, Benjamin Robinson; Ward, Morris Greenman; Sentinel, Lewis Hathorne.

The officers of the Knights of Pythias, Bethel Lodge and Grand Tenth, Pythian Brotherhood are as follows: Thomas Ellis, Chancellor; Commander, Edward Ellis; Vice-Chancellor, Commander, Bruce Huff; Preceptor, Roland Heston; Master at Arms, William H. J. Reed; Keeper of Records and Seal, A. J. Reed; Master of the Eschequer, Benjamin Hathorne; Most Excellent Chief, Harry Kerr; Excellent Steward, Barbara Mott; Excellent Junior, Eliza Longfellow; Past Chief, Lottie Walter; Managers, Jessie Kilder, Mistress of Finance, Lena Pitt, Mistress of Correspondence, Mrs. Kerr; Protector, Mary Gilman; Guard.

Mrs. Oliver Pettengill has been entertaining a friend, Miss Stanley, who for the year just ended, the sum of \$1,875.83, this amount being the total of fees and costs imposed by the Court. Eaton and Worcester, Mass.

Wallace Butterfield has joined the International Motor Company. This company has leased the building formerly occupied by the Atherton Furniture Company and are making repairs to put in a good show room for cars, and an accessory shop, carrying a complete line of tires, tubes, batteries, gas and oil. They expect to be open by the first of February.

The 1922 officers of Clan Chisholm are: Chief, David N. Gilmour; Taniat, Robert Leighton; Past Chief, John E. Reanier; Chaplain, John Hall; Secretary, James Wishart; Financial Secretary, James Robertson; Treasurer, David Mott; Physician, John A. Nile; Sr. Henchman, Thomas Hickman; Jr. Henchman, David K. Wise; Senechal, William Fraser; Warder, John McPherson.

The American Legion Auxiliary have changed their meeting night beginning on Feb. 7 to the first and third Tuesday of each month. Eight new members have recently been admitted to the Auxiliary.

Clan Chisholm are making preparations for a celebration of the birthday of Robert Burns. A concert and dance will be given on Jan. 23. Miss Mae Abbott will read, and music, vocal and instrumental, will be furnished by local talent.

Principal J. W. Carter of Rumford High School has organized a Chapel Choir, which is a great help to the chapel program. It is composed of the following students: Basses, Fletcher Sheen, Donovan Jenkins, Arthur Bergeron, John Perrault, Erwin Kilgore, Gerald O'Neil; Tenors, Maurice Young, William Maceau, Arthur Coburn, John Arsenault; Altos, Lucille Hicks, Eldora Linnell, Eglantine Gagnon, Louise Roussini, Mildred Dorion, Sopranos, Iva Beale, Harriette Coolidge, Belle Deper, Mildred House, Sara Stroppe, Elsie Hilt; Pianist, Jennie Welch; Violinist, Leonora Ellis.

During the past week several changes have been made at the public library, which serve for general attractiveness and for the comfort of patrons. Hand some oak chairs have been placed in the reading room, and small chairs for children of kindergarten age have been purchased. The book stacks have been rebuilt, economizing floor space, without diminishing the shelving capacity.

Miss Aileen Nile has gone to Hebrew Academy, where she will remain for a study. Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Nile are going South for a trip of several weeks.

Evangeline McCoy of Franklin street has been the guest of her grandmother in Boston.

Lloyd Seaver, who has been working for the Oxford Paper Company, has resigned his position, and has gone to Watertown, Mass.

James Cook, former janitor at the Pettengill school, is spending some time in Portland, the guest of his son, Bert Cook, and wife.

The officers installed in the Rumford Lodge, I. O. O. F., for the coming year are: Noble Grand, Ivory P. Goss; Vice Grand, Arthur P. Johnson; Secretary, W. J. Dickerson; Treasurer, Carl G. Thurston; R. E. N. G., Benney V. Tucker; L. E. N. G., Alvin Austin; R. E. V. G., Norman Durand; R. E. H., Ernest Chapin; L. E. H., Walter Ordway; Chaplain, Bert Virginia Ward; Frank Singer; Conductor, Gerald Carter; I. G., Herbert Allen; O. G., Carl Virgin.

Mrs. Joseph Marceau of Farmington has been a guest at the home of Mrs. Jeddio Bisson on Franklin street.

A new plan of teaching is being carried out at the Pettengill school, called Departmental Teaching. In the four upper grades the two 7th and two 8th grades, Miss Parson teaches all the arithmetic classes, the pupils passing from room to room as necessary. Miss Akers has all the classes in language; Miss Packard the geography, and also the two history classes from the 7th grade, and Miss Harding has the reading, music, spelling, etc. The plan is much enjoyed by the pupils.

Chas. H. Howard, who for the past 3 years has been a selectman of the town of Rumford, and chairman of the board for the past year, has announced that he will not be a candidate this year for the office.

The annual meetings of the Rumford Public Trust Company and the Rumford National Bank were held last week. The Trust Company selected all of their officers who are: President, Walter Pettengill; John Reed, James Macomber, Eliza Pratt, James H. Moore, Hugh J. Chisholm, Ralph T. Parker. The treasurer's report showed the year 1921 to have been one of its most prosperous years. Eight hundred and ninety of its one thousand shares outstanding were represented at the meeting. All the officers of the Rumford National Bank were elected, they being: President, Frederick O. Eaton; Vice President, R. C. Bradford; Cashier, E. H. Kennedy; Directors, Hugh J. Chisholm, Edward W. Cox, Frank P. Thomas, Edward S. Kennedy, Theodore Hawley and Frederick O. Eaton.

The attention is to operations going on at the International Paper Company and the Continental Paper and Bag mills is daily improving is without question, as both of these mills are now back to about 60 per cent normal. Not only from the point of the number employed, but from the source of production. At the International Paper Co., the number of men who appeared on the payroll last week was 378 with an amount of \$12,000 being paid. The company is now operating six machines all making bag paper. In normal times between 700 and 800 men are employed at the mill, and nine machines are operated. Now nearly 400 are operating two thirds of the machines. On Thursday of last week the total output of bags at the Continental Paper and Bag mill was four million bags, and this amount will increase from day to day. There are at the present time over 70 machines running. When the mill is running at full capacity, about 700 hands are employed and 137 bag machines and 70 printing presses are operated. At the present time, upwards of 70 machines are running, all of the printing presses are being run. The Continental wage schedule now in effect is considerably higher than the wage recently awarded by the paper mill arbitration board. With the present production about two cars of bags each day are being shipped. Tracy L. Barker, formerly editor of the Rumford Falls Times, who has been in Portland for the past year, where he purchased a printing establishment, has recently sold out his business there.

Miss Clara Barrows of Canton is caring for Mrs. E. A. Wakeley, who is still very ill at her home on Lincoln avenue. Noon lunches are being served in eight of the Rumford schools. This move makes more work for the teachers, but is considered beneficial. At the High School the noon lunch is prepared and served by the girls of the Domestic Science Course, under the supervision of their instructor, Miss C. Perne Ross. Noon lunches are also served at the schools at Rumford Falls, Rumford Centre, Red Hill school, Woodrow school, North Rumford school and the MacDonald school.

The High School orchestra furnishes special number at chapel every Tuesday morning, and have regular practice each Monday afternoon under the direction of Miss Katherine Hickey, music instructor in the schools.

Hon. Waldo Pettengill, who has been in Philadelphia for the past month, where he had a very serious surgical operation performed, returned to his home in Rumford on Saturday last. Mr. Pettengill is getting along very nicely, being up and dressed every day, and sitting up the most of the time.

The jury in the civil suit of Mrs. Emma Morgan, proprietor of the Corner Bookstore in Biddeford, against Frank E. Loney of Rumford, to recover damages for personal injuries alleged to have been sustained by the plaintiff on the night of Sept. 12, 1921, when struck and knocked down by an automobile driven by the defendant as she was alighting from a one-man car of the Biddeford & Saco Street Railway, at the corner of Orchard and Elm streets in Biddeford, returned a verdict of \$1,375. The case was tried before a drawn jury, Ex-Senator John Percy Deering of Saco being counsel for the plaintiff, and Leroy Haley of Biddeford for the defendant. The defendant according to the testimony was driving along the State highway on the way from Kennebunk to his home in Rumford when the accident occurred. Mrs. Morgan sustained a fracture of four ribs, also bruises and other injuries, and was confined to the Webster Hospital in Biddeford for some time. Compensation was also sought for pain and suffering, and for the loss of time incurred by the defendant.

The "Room for One More" Club of the Baptist church will hold a social evening at the church vestry on Wednesday evening, Jan. 25. Each member may invite one guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin McDonald of Pine street are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son. Mrs. McDonald, whose former home was in Scotland, served as a nurse in the recent World War, and came to this country following her marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Heiler Christiansen of Mrs. Mabel Smith are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a daughter at their Worcester, Mass., home on Jan. 7. The little one has been named Emeline Smith Christian and Mrs. Smith formerly lived in Rumford, and was employed in the Superior Bank of Bethel office for several years.

The Crusaders, a mission band composed of girls of the Baptist church from 9 to 14 years of age, will have their next meeting on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 28, at the home of Mrs. Harry Carroll on Franklin street, when they will have a social and work meeting combined. Scrap books are being made and will be sent later to the mission points to be distributed to children's homes, hospitals, etc.

Glendon W. Stephens has an interesting aquarium at his jewelry store on Congress street which contains a large number of gold fish, as well as a few other kinds of fish. The fish are on sale, also globes in which to put them. Two men (Poles) applied at the police station for lodging on Monday evening of this week, after having, as

'MARKED DOWN' SALE

of Men's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishings

MEN'S OVERCOATS, 35.00 } M. D. to 22.00
30.00 }
25.00 }

MEN'S SUITS, 30.00 } M. D. to 20.00
25.00 }

MEN'S SUITS, 22.50 } M. D. to 18.00
20.00 }

Boys' Suits and Mackinaws M. D. 10%

Boys' Corduroy Pants, were 2.50, M. D. to 2.00

Boys' Wool Blouses, were 2.00, M. D. to 1.65

Boys' Sweaters, 1.50 and up

MEN'S FLANNEL SHIRTS, 2.50 M. D. to 2.00

MEN'S FLANNEL SHIRTS, 4.50 M. D. to 4.00

MEN'S MACKINAW SHIRTS, 10.00 M. D. to 7.50

MEN'S WOOLEN HOSE, were 50c to 1.25, M. D. 30c to 75c

MEN'S SWEATERS, 2.00 to 10.00 M. D. 1.25

MEN'S NECKTIES, 75c, M. D. to 50c M. D. 15c each

" " 1.00 M. D. to 75c Many Other Bargains

N. B. SHOE CO. C this Space Next Week.

CEYLON ROWE & SON

they claimed, walked from Oquessoc to Rumford, a distance of 38 miles, since morning. These men claimed to have been hired to work in the woods for the American Realty Company, but were discharged after working five days. Then when deductions were made for fares paid in, and supplies to fit them for withstanding the cold weather, they had nothing left with which to pay car fares out.

HANOVER

Mishemokwa Temple, Pythian Sisters, held a public installation at Union Hall, Friday evening, Jan. 13. The following officers were installed in a very pleasing and impressive manner by Mrs. Bertha Allen, D. D. G. C., of Rumford, assisted by Mrs. Amelia Schwind of Rumford as Grand Manager, and Mrs. Mabel Small of Mexico as Grand Senior.

M. E. C.—Mrs. Vina Grover
E. S.—Mrs. Gelia Lovejoy
E. J.—Mrs. Leona Powers
Manager—Mrs. Addie Saunders
M. of R. & C.—Mrs. Edith Howe
M. of F.—Mrs. Nina Swan
Protector—Mrs. Mary Ladd
Guard—Emily Dixon
P. C.—Mrs. Mabel Worcester

Preceding the installation a military drill was given by sixteen Sisters dressed in white, with sashes of white, blue, yellow and red, the colors emblematic of their order. This drill was very nicely done and called forth much applause and many compliments from the visitors.

The ceremonies closed with the "Crowning of the Officers" by Flora and her fairies, and the beautiful tableau representing "Rock of Ages." Mrs. Helen Mills took the part of Flora, and her fairies were Eva Ladd, May Barker, Mildred Barlow, Greenwood Eaton, Addie Saunders and Donald Cole.

A fine oyster supper was served in the lower hall, and dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.

Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Small and Mrs. Schwind were each presented with a pretty gift of cut glass.

Oxford Bear Lodge, K. of P., held their installation Saturday evening, Jan. 14. This was private but was attended by a large number of Knights. The following officers were installed in a very creditable manner by Elton Knight, D. D. G. C.:

C. C.—Dwight Elliott
V. C.—Chester F. Saunders
Preceptor—Edward Richardson
M. at A.—Will Thomas
M. of W.—Frank Glover
K. of R. & S.—A. O. Howe
M. of E.—H. A. Staples
M. of P.—G. C. Barker
1. G.—Ira Brown
O. G.—Roy Stearns

An oyster supper was served at the close of the meeting. This lodge is in a very flourishing and prosperous condition. At the present time they have 221 members in good standing.

Mrs. F. B. Howe of East Bethel was the guest of Ella Howe, Friday and Saturday of last week.

Miss Gertrude Harrington, teacher of the upper district school, spent the week end with her sister at Edison Hayford's.

Miss Genie Saunders entertained a friend from Gould's over the week end. Paul Staples of Rumford spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Staples.

Linwood E. Fogg of Norway was in town last week on business.

Travel of Light and Sound. Sound is said to move at the rate of 30 miles a minute, and, compared to light, it is slower than a snail. If we should hear a clap of thunder half a minute after a flash of lightning, we could calculate that the discharge of electricity was about six and a half miles away.

Hardware FURNACES, RANGES and HEATERS

Sporting Goods Upson Wall Board

When in our store visit our

Crockery Department.

G. L. THURSTON CO.

BETHEL, MAINE



Fair

of

WINT

Billie Brown calls to make her to his friend sleep for the As you know sleep for the a good-winter other a good sleep. For the the whole willie Wood coming from from Brown "Good-winter "I'll have of the Woodchuck "Once I ro home in the other rooms mer time at I warm days c "When the pear I show i "But not u too great a h to do any di "Glad to Brownie, and come and say "Not at all Brownie. "W spring. Good "Good-winte chuck. "Goog-a-roo room," said



"Good

near-by pond, all, and sleep The cold wait "It was bitt the frogs." Then he say "I was just come to bed. will need m Frog said. "It was col didn't like it. "I didn't thi much longer. I came around winter." "Good-winter Frog.

And the ton squeaked and "Good-winter winter!" Then Billie e the Jumping "That frost one," said Litt Mouse. "I'm care of my m "Ha, ha," lau ing Mouse, "go going to bed e sleep?" "I can't sto you. I'm too a Jumping Mous "Good-winter Billie Brownie. He walked at all his othe a good-winter. "Sleep is all but for a whi How glad I au frog, or a bea, marmot, or a c dog." And then he was getting ne to sleep for a to quite all eld But to sleep hal is really quite a But of course s As different c And what is n Might seem ver

He Drat Jack went to time. And mo for his return. she asked the m living room. "No!" he retu why, didn't I ery "She didn't kn disguised respo questions than I

"Now, childre want you to b can hear a pin in a minute a little boy called

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

WINTER SLEEPERS.

Billie Brownie had still many of his calls to make in order to say good-winter to his friends who were going to sleep for the winter.

As you know the creatures who sleep for the winter, wish each other a good-winter just as we wish each other a good-night and a pleasant sleep. For they are going to sleep for the whole winter.

"Good-winter, Billie Brownie," said Willie Woodchuck as he saw Billie coming from out of the woods, away from Brownie's land.

"Good-winter," said Billie Brownie. "I'll have one, never fear," said Willie Woodchuck.

"Once I roll myself up in my little home in the ground and shut off my other rooms which I use in the summer time, I never wake up until the warm days come."

"When the mild days begin to appear I show myself above the ground. But not until then, as I'm much too great a hater of the cold weather to do any differently."

"Glad to have seen you, Billie Brownie, and it was kind of you to come and say good-winter to me."

"Not at all, not at all," said Billie Brownie. "Well, I'll see you in the spring. Good-winter."

"Good-winter," said Willie Woodchuck.

"Goog-a-room, goog-a-room, goog-a-room," said Grandpa Frog from the



"Good Winter to All."

near-by pond, "come little frogs, come all, and sleep in the beautiful mud. The cold weather is coming."

"It was bitterly cold last night, little frogs."

Then he saw Billie Brownie.

"I was just urging the children to come to bed. But I don't believe they will need much urging," Grandpa Frog said.

"It was cold last night, and they didn't like it any better than I did."

"I didn't think you'd be around very much longer," said Billie Brownie, "so I came around to wish you all a good-winter."

"Good-winter," croaked Grandpa Frog.

And the toads and the frogs all squealed and croaked.

"Good-winter, Billie Brownie, good-winter!"

Then Billie Brownie went to call on the Jumping Mice.

"That frost last night was a hard one," said Miss Julia Jumping Mouse. "I'm going to bed to take care of my mouse beauty sleep."

"Ha, ha," laughed Miss Jenny Jumping Mouse, "who ever heard of a mouse going to bed early to get her beauty sleep?"

"I can't stop to talk to you over with you. I'm too sleepy," said Miss Julia Jumping Mouse.

"Good-winter to all of you," said Billie Brownie.

He walked about then and called on all his other friends and wished them a good-winter.

Then he went back so as to tell the other Brownies that one by one, all those who went for the winter were starting now to go to bed, or at least were talking of doing so within a very short time.

But as he walked away from all his friends who were going to sleep for the winter, he said to himself:

"Sleep is all very well for a night, but for a whole winter—no, no, no! How glad I am I'm not a toad, or a frog, or a bear, or a woodchuck, or a muskrat, or a chipmunk, or a prairie dog!"

And then he sang this song as he was getting near Brownie's land:

"To sleep for a night is quite all right, but to sleep half a year is really quite queer. But of course we're all different. Am different can be. And what is natural to me might seem very queer to you."

He drew conclusions.

Jack went to school for the first time. And mother anxiously waited for his return. "Did you like it, dear?" she asked the minute he came into the living room.

"No!" he returned shortly.

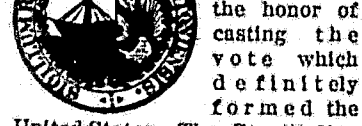
"Why, didn't you have a nice teacher?"

"She didn't know nothing!" came the disgusted response. "She asked more questions than Baby Ruth does!"

The Story of Our States

By JONATHAN BRACE

IX.—NEW HAMPSHIRE



THE NEW HAMPSHIRE falls the honor of casting the vote which definitely formed the United States. The Constitution was to formally take effect when nine states had ratified it and on June 11, 1788, New Hampshire rounded out the necessary quota of the states. This feat Virginia for the deciding vote by only four days.

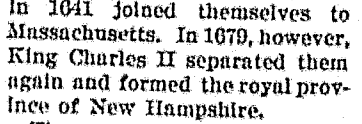
The beginnings of New Hampshire lead back to Captain Mason, who had been governor of Portsmouth in Hampshire, England. Thus was the name of the colony derived and also that of its first city, Portsmouth. As a reward for Mason's faithfulness to King Charles he was allotted a large territory north of the Merrimack river. The first settlements were started in 1623 in Rye and Dover. Shortly after, a theological dispute arose in Boston, led by Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, which resulted in her being banished. Some of her followers went north and founded Exeter, not far from the towns of Portsmouth and Dover. Shortly after the town of Hampton was settled by Massachusetts people. As Captain Mason died soon after this, these four towns in 1641 joined themselves to Massachusetts. In 1679, however, King Charles II separated them again and formed the royal province of New Hampshire.

The present area of New Hampshire is 9,341 square miles. From the rugged aspect of its White mountains has come the name Granite state, by which it is often popularly called. The population of New Hampshire warrants an electoral vote of four for president.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Like moths about a lamp I take The risks I know I'd better not. I live a most impulsive life— I sympathize with moths a lot.



The Community House at Camp Custer, Mich., purchased by a Chicago company for \$30,000, has been repurchased by the state of Michigan and will be presented to the American Legion for use as a hospital for sick and disabled veterans. The building will be improved at the expense of the state.

General Lafayette post of the American Legion, composed of New York City policemen, has mortgaged its Long Island clubhouse for \$1,000, the money to be used in helping unemployed veterans. The policemen-Legionnaires have pledged themselves to canvass their beats for jobs for their unfortunate "buddies."

"The Book of Misery" containing thousands of news-clippings and letters describing the plight of America's World war veterans in the recent period of unemployment will be presented to Congress by the Legion as documentary evidence in favor of relief for ex-service men.

Unemployed ex-service men sleeping in Bryant Park, New York, were awakened one recent midnight by the sound of a bugle mess call. Seven hundred of the unfortunate men lined up for "chow." A committee representing the George Dahlbender Post of the American Legion, led the men to a restaurant where each was fed at the expense of the Legion post.

The American Legion has asked the shipping board to permit the use of the giant liner *Livathan* as a temporary shelter for jobless ex-service men. The liner has been idle at the Hoboken army docks for several months. During the war it transported 140,000 American troops to France.

Charles W. Seymour, of Hartford, Conn., tendered his resignation as state senator following his election to the commandery of the American Legion in Connecticut. Officers of the Legion cannot hold public office which is elective.

A twenty-acre park, known as "American Legion Park" has been dedicated by the city of Melrose, Minn., to the men of the city who were in service during the World war. The Melrose Legionnaires have established a children's playground, a tourist's camping grounds and a baseball diamond.

Ex-soldiers and marines, members of the American Legion, were the heroes in the rescue work which followed the explosion of a tank containing 600,000 cubic feet of ammonium fumes in New York City. One of the former service men is accredited with having rescued ten persons from a basement which had become filled with the fumes.

A "party" which is said to have cost \$10,000 was given by L. Gordon Hamersley, who served as a lieutenant in the Sixth Field artillery of the First division, at his estate near Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. The guests were disabled soldiers of the First division and members of the Jeff Folgt post of the American Legion.

STATE OF MAINE

PROCLAMATION

By The Governor

January 1st, 1922

New Year's Resolutions for the State of Maine.

As the individual is accustomed to pause upon the threshold of a New Year to review the past and survey the prospect before him, so may we the People of Maine on New Year's Day, 1922, look back upon the year that has closed and resolve upon a course of action for the year that has begun.

Let us as a people, whatever our origin or creed, and regardless of our station in life, enter upon this New Year with the determination—

To recognize honest differences of opinion, and to make serious effort to get other people's point of view;

To credit other people with good intentions;

To think and speak well of others;

To ask no privileges for ourselves we are not willing to accord to others;

To remember that true personal liberty goes hand in hand with self-control;

To appreciate the great privilege it is to be a citizen of Maine, a State that has no peer among its sister States;

To make Maine a law-abiding State that will serve as an example to our Country, and

To add the "Golden Rule" to the State's motto "Dirigo".

Given at the Office of the Governor at Augusta, and sealed with the Great Seal of Maine, this First Day of January, in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-two, and of the State of Maine the One Hundred and Second.

PERCIVAL P. BAXTER,
Governor of Maine.

By the Governor,
FRANK W. BALL,
Secretary of State.

Rumania and Its Capital



Rumanian Girl Coming From Market.

By JOHN OLIVER LA GORGE.

With unsettled Russia just over her border, and the horde left in dispossessed Rumania, the boundary which she claims, as vigilant as any that was ever set on the Rhine. Rumania has organized her government in Bessarabia, but the Russians have never consented to the severance of this former Russian province, and each movement of soviet troops toward the Danube has set Europe adrift for fear a new war will break out in her southeastern corner.

However, it is not Bessarabia nor the other war-gained territories that have doubled Rumania's size, that are in the mind of the average person when Rumania is mentioned. He thinks rather of the pre-war nucleus, the little kingdom that since the Turk was pushed south, has stood enfolded by the lower Danube, the River Pruth and the Transylvanian Alps.

In the whirlpool of racial rivalries of southeastern Europe—where Ruman and Goth, Hun and Slav, Magyar and Mongol, with all of their descendant peoples, have run over one another and been run over in their turn—left the Rumanians in the majority in a territory of more than 90,000 square miles. It scattered more than 12,000,000 of them over these lands—more than 7,000,000 in old Rumania and some 5,000,000 elsewhere.

The old Rumania was a country of 53,000 square miles, with a population of less than 8,000,000. It was thus slightly larger than Pennsylvania, although it had half a million fewer people than the Keystone state. The new Rumania has an area of 122,000 square miles and a population of 17,000,000.

The country is governed by a king, who is a constitutional monarch, and a parliament made up of a senate and a chamber of deputies. The pre-war constitution was rather reactionary, with the masses practically disfranchised. The new constitution, however, is more liberal, permitting voting by all citizens over 21 years of age, paying taxes.

Small Farms and Big Estates.

Industrially Rumania is almost entirely given over to agriculture, and, area for area, it produces more cereals than any other great grain-producing nation in the world. Before the World war its farm lands were about equally divided between the small farmer and rich land-owner. There were about a million farms with an average size of eight acres, and then there were over 4,000 estates with an average size of 2,200 acres. Since the conclusion of the World war steps have been taken to break up many of these large estates and to create a body of peasant proprietors.

The result of the occurrence of both large estates and tiny farms is that one finds the strangest contrasts in farming methods. Here is a big estate where every sort of farm machinery that the United States has to offer is to be found—the tractor, the plow, the steam gang plow, the riding cultivator, the manure spreader and even the steam header and thrasher. And then hard by are a hundred small farmers who still harvest their grain with the sickle, thresh it with the flail, or tread it out with oxen and winnow it with the home-made fork. They mow their grass with the scythe, rake it with the hand rake and haul it in with ox-carts. But even with the very primitive methods that characterize half of the farming of the country, they manage to coax a rather bountiful crop out of the soil.

The great bulk of Rumania's population belongs to the peasant class, for there are comparatively few cities and most of them are small. Many of the peasant families have lived for generations on the great estates, farming for the absentee landlords.

An interesting class the Rumanian peasants form, with their peculiar customs, their striking superstitions, their primitive ways of looking at things in general.

No Race Suicide Here.

The evil of race suicide has never invaded rural Rumania. It is regarded as worthy of honor to be the head of a numerous family. As in all lands where many of the people are more or less illiterate, there is a high death rate, though the fact that the bottled baby is almost unknown in peasant Rumania tends to overcome the high infant mortality that would otherwise result.

"Many hands make light work" is a proverb of the Rumanian peasant, of ten put into practice. Almost every night there is a neighborhood gathering like the old-fashioned apple-cutting or apple-butter boiling in early American rural history.

One-third of the area of the country toward the north and west is inhabited by semi-civilized shepherds. Up in the Carpathians in summer and down in the sheltered valleys in winter they lead their flocks, sleeping in the open with them and devising any other shelter than that which primitive nature and the starry sky afford. They seldom speak; indeed, their solitary lives leave them little opportunity for conversation.

But if there is primitive simplicity in Rumanian peasant life, there is ultra formality in the polite circles of Bucharest, the national capital. "The Paris of the East" its inhabitants proudly call their city, and in the character of its architecture, the ways of its people, the prices in force at its hotels, it justly deserves the title it has vaultingly assumed.

Bucharest a Lively City.

This near-eastern metropolis is about equal in size to our own national capital, and yet it has twenty times as many restaurants and cafes, ten times as many streets lights and twice as many theaters. It is regarded as the most expensive place in the world for the well-to-do and the cheapest for the poor. Prices at the Hotel du Boulevard are higher than in New York or London, and travelers who have visited Monte Carlo's leading hotels and then journeyed to Bucharest have found its rates from 15 per cent to 25 per cent higher than those obtaining in the hostilities of Monaco.

But if their prices are high, their service and their food leaves nothing to be desired. The splendor of the leading hotels and private homes is French, and money is no consideration—quality is paramount. Some of the finest restaurants of Paris are in Bucharest, and the night life, with its passionate, pulsating gypsy music, its sparkling wine, its beautiful women, its scintillating jewels, its handsome men, is as gay and alluring as anything the world has to offer.

As to clothes, everybody who pretends to dress at all dresses in the mode of Paris and the gowns of the elite are as up-to-the-minute as those to be seen on the Champs Elysees. Gambling flourishes openly and high stakes are the rule rather than the exception. Many of the players own farms as big as an American county and their incomes are proportionately large.

Surrounded on every side by the Slavic sea—the deep ocean of Russia, the bay of Serbia and the gulf of Bulgaria—who can say whether in future centuries the attention of the Slavic tide will wear away the Rumanian shore, or whether the great war will have fixed political boundaries that will be as firm as the geographic boundaries they straddle?

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

BETHEL LODGE, F. & A. M., No. 97, meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of each month. R. R. Tibbets, W. M.; Fred B. Merrill, Secretary.

PURITY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E. S., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month. Mrs. Emma Van Den Kerckhoven, W. M.; Mrs. Pearl Tibbets, Secretary.

MT. ABRAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Friday evening. Chester A. Cummings, N. G.; C. O. Bryant, Secretary.

SUNSET EMBROIDER LODGE, No. 64, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Constance Wheeler, N. G.; Anna French, Secretary.

SUDBURY LODGE, K. of P., No. 22, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall each Tuesday evening. Winfield Howe, C. O.; John Harrington, K. of R. and S.

NACCOMI TEMPLE, PYTHIAN SISTERS, No. 68, meets the 2nd and 4th Wednesday evening of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall. Mrs. Lena Brinck, M. E. C. Mrs. Minnie Bennett, M. of R. & C.

BROWN POST, No. 84, G. A. R., meets at Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. A. H. Hutchinson, Commander; I. O. Jordan, Adjutant; L. N. Bartlett, Q. M.

BROWN W. R. C., No. 36, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursday evening of each month. Emily Forbes, Pres.; Eva Hastings, Secretary.

GEORGE A. MUNDT POST, No. 81, AMERICAN LEGION, meets the first Tuesday of each month in its rooms. William Mackay, Commander; Howard Tyler, Adjutant.

BETHEL GRANGE, No. 56, meets in their hall the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. A. F. Copeland, M.; Eva Hastings, Secretary.

"Cold in the Head"

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Sisters

By
KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—With his two daughters, Alice and Cherry, the latter just eighteen years old, and his niece, Ann Strickland, retired, is living at Mill Valley, a short distance from San Francisco. His closest friend is Peter Joyce, something of a recluse. Visiting in the vicinity, Martin Lloyd, mining engineer, falls in love with and secretly becomes engaged to Cherry.

CHAPTER II.—While the family is speculating as to Lloyd's intentions, Cherry brings him to supper, practically announcing her engagement to him.

CHAPTER III.—Doctor Strickland feels Cherry is too young to marry and urges her to wait at least a year, but the girl coaxes him into agreeing to an immediate wedding and the ceremony takes place, the couple leaving at once for El Nido, where Martin is employed.

CHAPTER IV.—The honeymoon days over, Cherry begins to feel a vague dissatisfaction with Martin and the monotony of her daily life.

CHAPTER V.—At Mill Valley, Justin Little, lawyer, becomes engaged to Ann Strickland, being set for September, some months distant. Ann visits Cherry at El Nido and the two girls coax Martin into allowing Cherry to go home for Ann's wedding.

CHAPTER VI.—In her father's house Cherry contrasts the peaceful, happy life there with her rather sordid existence at El Nido and realizes that her marriage has been something of a failure. Doctor Strickland, feeling that Cherry is not being fair to Martin, in that she is unduly brooding over the past, urges her to return to her husband. She makes preparations for her departure.

CHAPTER VII.—Peter Joyce tells Cherry he has had one "grand passion" in his life, but the woman was not for him. He does not reveal her name. Cherry rejoins her husband.

CHAPTER VIII.—The young wife's dissatisfaction increases and there is an almost open break. Martin has a brief spell of sickness and something of her old feeling for him returns to Cherry.

CHAPTER IX.—Doctor Strickland is stricken suddenly with what all perceive is a fatal illness. Alice summons Cherry to her father's deathbed. The doctor's death it is discovered that years ago he had borrowed money from Anne's father and seemingly the debt was never discharged. With accumulated interest the amount practically consumes all the money the doctor left. Justin Little makes it manifest that he will insist on his wife's claims. It means that the two girls are left with practically nothing.

CHAPTER X.—Peter Joyce, who has been on a trip to practice the world, returns, not having learned of the doctor's death. He hears of Anne's position and returns to the money with deep disgust. Alice has the home and is making a fair living singing. Joyce urges her to marry him. She consents and they have a simple wedding and go to Joyce's home to live, ideally happy.

CHAPTER XI.—Martin and Cherry leave El Nido and go to Red Creek, a change somewhat for the better, but Cherry retains the old feeling of dissatisfaction. She visits Peter and Alice, and while there comes to a realization that she loves Peter. Though she has never loved him, she loves him more now. Peter had in mind when he told her of his "grand passion." He has never ceased to love her, and the situation now becomes tragic.

CHAPTER XII.—Peter confesses his love to Cherry, and she admits a like feeling for him. A situation bordering on hidden love is created. The doctor's Bible Alice finds a receipt for the money he had borrowed. Anne's claim falls to her and she is financially independent. Heartbroken over her tragic position, Peter vainly seeks a solution which will make for the mutual happiness of Cherry and himself, but there seems no way.

CHAPTER XIII.—Mrs. North, Martin Lloyd's aunt, has her suspicions concerning Peter and Cherry and the lovers feel the danger of the situation.

CHAPTER XIV.—Joyce urges Cherry to leave Martin and go away with him to some remote part of the world where they can live their lives together. She finally consents, feeling that Alice will forgive, and Peter makes arrangements for their journey.

"I'll tell Alice that I have a last dentist appointment at half-past ten," she said. "If she goes to bed with me, she'll go to bed in tomorrow. But she says she can't come in tomorrow, anyway. I'll write her tonight, and drop the letter on the way to the boat. Tomorrow, then," was Cherry's only answer. "I'm glad it's so soon."

"Good-by," said Cherry, leaning over the side of the car to kiss her sister. Alice received the kiss, smiled, and stretched in the sun.

"Heavenly day to waste in the city!" said Alice.

"I know," Cherry said nervously. She had been so strangely nervous and distracted in manner all morning that Alice had more than once asked her if there was anything wrong. Now she questioned her again.

"You mustn't mind me!" Cherry said with a laugh. "I'm desperately unhappy," she said, her eyes watering. "I'd do anything in the world to help you, Cherry!" Alice said sympathetically.

"I know you would, Sister I believe," Cherry said, trembling. "That there's nothing you wouldn't give me!"

"That's easily said," Alice answered carelessly, "for I don't get fond of things, as you do! My dear, I'd go off with Martin to Mexico in a minute. I mean it! I don't care a whoop where I live, if only people are happy."

"How about Buck?" Cherry said, as the dog leaped to his place on the front seat and licked his mistress's ear. Alice embraced him lovingly.

"Well—if he wanted to go with you!" she conceded unwillingly. "But he wouldn't!" she added quickly. Cherry, going to the train, gave her an April smile, and as she took her seat and the train drew on its way, it

seemed to her suddenly that she might indeed meet Peter, but it would only be to tell him that what they had planned was impossible.

But on the deck of the Sausalito steamer, dreaming in the sunshine of the soft, lazy autumn day, her heart turned sick with longing once more. Alice was forgotten, everything was forgotten except Peter. His voice, his tall figure, erect, yet moving with the little limp she knew so well, came to her thoughts. She thought of herself on the other steamer, only an hour from now, safe in his care, Martin forgotten, and all the perplexities and disappointments of the old life forgotten, in the flood of new security and joy. Los Angeles—New Orleans—France—it mattered not where they wandered; they might well lose the world, and the world them, from today on.

"So that is to be my life—one of the blessed and ignored women?" Cherry mused, leaning on the rail and watching the plunge of the receding water. "Like the heroines of half the books—only it always seemed so bold and so frightful in books! But to me it just seems the most natural thing in the world. I love Peter, and he loves me, and the earth is big enough to hide us, and that's all there is to it. Anyway, right or wrong, I can't help it," she finished, rejoicing to find herself suddenly serene and content.

It was twenty minutes past ten, a warm, sweet morning, with great hurrying back and forth at the ferry, women climbing to the open seats of the cable cars, planning on their violets or roses as they climbed. Cherry sped through it all, beside herself now with excitement and strain, only anxious to have the great hands of the clock drop more speedily from minute to minute, and so round out the terrible hour that joined the old life to the new. She was hurrying blindly toward the dock of the Los Angeles liner, absorbed in her one whirling thought, when somebody touched her arm, and a



In Utter Confusion She Looked Up. It Was Martin!

voice, terrifyingly unexpected and yet familiar, addressed her, and a hand was laid on her arm.

In utter confusion she looked up. It was Martin who stopped her.

For a few dreadful seconds a sort of vertigo seized Cherry and she was unable to collect her thoughts or to speak even the most casual words of greeting. She had been so full of her extraordinary errand that she was bewildered and sick at the interruption; her heart thundered, her throat was choked, and her knees shook beneath her. Where was she—what was known—how much had she betrayed—

Gaspings, trying to smile, she looked up at him, while the ferry drummed in her ears. She had automatically given him her hand; now he kissed her.

"Hello, Cherry; where you going?" for the third time.

"I came into town to shop," she faltered.

"You what?" She had not really been intelligible, and she felt it, with a pang of fright. He must not suspect—the steamer was there, only a short block away; Peter might pass them; a chance word might be fatal—he must not suspect—

"I'm shopping," she said distinctly, with dry lips. And she managed to smile.

"Well," Martin said, "surprised to see me?"

"Oh, Martin!" said her flustered voice. Even in the utter panic of heart and soul she knew that for safety's sake she must find his vanity.

"I'm going to tell you something that will surprise you," he said. "I'm through with the Red Creek people!"

"Martin!" Cherry exclaimed almost voicelessly. She looked from a flower vendor to a newsboy, looked at the cars, the people—she must not falter. She must not falter.

"Well—but where are you going?"

"I was going to the dentist a minute, but it's not important." They had turned and were walking across the street. She knew that there was no way in which she might escape him. "What did you say?" she said.

"I think there's a boat at eleven something," she said, collectively. "Suppose you go and find out?"

She glanced toward the entrance of the Sausalito waiting-room, a hundred yards away, and a mad hope leaped in her heart. If he turned his back on her—

"What are you going to do?" he asked, somewhat surprised.

"I ought to telephone Alice!" Her despair lent her wit. If he went to the ticket office, and she into a telephone booth, she might escape him yet! While he dawdled here, minutes were flying, and Peter was watching every car and every passer-by, torn with the same agony that was tearing her. "If you'll go find out the exact time and get tickets," she said. "I'll telephone Alice."

"Dicker!" he echoed, with all Martin's old, maddening slowness. "Haven't you got a return ticket?"

"I have mileage," she blundered. "Oh, then I'll use your mileage!" Martin said. "Telephone," he added, nodding toward a row of booths, "no hurry; we've got piles of time!"

She remembered that he liked a masculine assumption of easiness where all trains, tickets, railroad connections, and transit business of any sort were concerned. He liked to loiter elaborately while other people were running, liked to pull out his big watch and assure her that they had all the time in the world. She tried to call a number, left the booth, paid a staring girl, and rejoined him.

"Busy!" she reported.

"I was just thinking," Martin said, "that we might stay in town and go to the Orpheum, how about it? Do we have to have Peter and Alice?"

Cherry flushed, angered again, in the well-remembered way, under all her fright and stir. Her voice had its old bored note.

"Well, Martin, I've been their guest for two months!"

"I'd just as soon have them!" Martin conceded, indifferently.

But the diverted thought had helped Cherry, irritation had nerve her, and the reminder of Martin's old, trying stupidities had lessened her fear of him.

"I've got to send a telegram—for Alice," she said.

"What about?" he asked, less curiously than before.

"Good-bye to some people who are sailing," Cherry answered, calmly. "Only don't mention it to Alice, because I promised it would go earlier!" she added.

"I saw the office back here," he told her. They went to it together, and he was within five feet of her while she scribbled her note.

"Martin met me. Nothing wrong. We are returning to Mill Valley, O. L." She glanced at her husband; he was standing in the doorway of the little office, smoking. Quickly she addressed the envelope. "Don't read that name out loud," she said, softly but very slowly and distinctly, to the girl at the desk. She put a gold piece down on the note. "Keep the change, and for God's sake get that to the Harvard, sailing from Dock 67, before eleven!" she said.

The girl looked up in surprise; but rose immediately to the occasion. Cherry's beauty, her agonized eyes and voice, were enough to awaken her sense of the dramatic. A sharp rap of the clerk's pencil summoned a boy.

"George, there's a dollar in that for you if you deliver it before eleven to the Harvard!" said she. The boy seized it, stuck it in his hat, and fled.

"And now for the boat!" Cherry said, rejoicing Martin, and speaking in almost her natural voice. They went back to the Sausalito ferry entrance again, and this time telephoned Alice in real earnest, and presently found themselves on the upper deck of the boat, bound for the valley.

Until now, and in occasional rushes of terror still, she had been absorbed in the intense necessity of deceiving, of covering her own traces, of out-guessing and closing possible avenues of betrayal. But now Cherry began to breathe more easily, and to feel rising about her, like a tide, the half-forgotten consciousness of her relationship with this man to the boldly-checked spit who was sitting beside her. She had thought to escape the necessity of telling him that she was not willing to return to him, she had been wrapped in dreams so great and so wonderful that the thought of his anger and resentment had been as nothing to her. But she had that to face now.

She had it to face immediately, too. She knew that every hour of postponement would cost her fresh humiliations and difficulties, and as the boat slipped smoothly past the island that roughly marked the halfway point, she gathered all her forces for the trial. The one distinct impression she had from Martin was the appalling one that he did not dream that she had decided to sever their union completely and finally.

"Well, how's the valley? Here you to death!" he interrupted the flow of his own topic to ask carelessly.

"Oh, no, Martin!" she quivered. "I love it there! I always loved it!"

"Is it a fine girl—she's a nice girl," Martin conceded. "But I can't see Peter! He may be all right, all that law-dah and Omar Khayyam and law-dah stuff may be all right, but I don't see it!" And he gazed

contentedly in the sunshine. After a few seconds he gave Cherry an oblique glance, expecting her resentment. But she was thinking too deeply even to have heard him. Her mind was working as desperately as a caged animal, her thoughts circling frantically, trying windows, walls, and doors in the prison in which she found herself, mad for escape.

She blamed herself bitterly now for allowing him, in the surprise and fear she felt, in the shock of their unexpected meeting, to arrange this do-or-die return to the valley house. But it was too late now! Too late for anything but a bald and brave and cruel half-hour that should, at any cost, sunder them.

Quick upon the thought came another: what should she and Peter plan now? For to suppose that their lives were to be guided back into the old hateful channel by this mere misfortune was preposterous. Within a few days their interrupted trip must be resumed, perhaps tomorrow—perhaps this very night they would manage it successfully. Meanwhile, until she could see Peter alone, there was Martin to deal with, Martin who was leaning forward, vainly gloriously retelling to her long speeches he had made to this superior or that.

"Martin," she said, impetuously interrupting him, "I've got to talk to you! I've meant to write it—so many times, I've had it in mind ever since I left Red Creek!"

"Shoot!" Martin said, with his favorite look of indulgent amusement. "There are marriages that without a fault on either side are a mistake," Cherry began, "any contributory fault, I mean."

"Talk United States!" Martin growled, smiling, but on guard.

"Well, I think our marriage was one of those!" Cherry said.

"What have you got to kick about?" Martin asked, after a pause.

"I'm not kicking!" Cherry answered, with quick resentment. "But I wish I had words to make you realize how I feel about it!"

Martin looked gloomily up at her, and shrugged.

"This is a sweet welcome from your wife!" he observed. But as she regarded him with troubled and earnest eyes, perhaps her half-forgotten beauty made an unexpected appeal to him, for he turned toward her and eyed her with a large tolerance. "What's the matter, Cherry?" he asked.

"I don't seem to me that you've got much to kick about. Haven't I always taken pretty good care of you? Didn't I take the house and move the things in; didn't I leave you a whole month, while I ate at that rotten boarding-house, when your father died; haven't I let you have—how long is it—seven weeks, by George, with your sister?"

Cherry recognized the tones of his old arraigning voice. He felt himself ill-treated.

"Now you come in for this money," he began. But she interrupted him hotly.

"Martin, you know that is not true!"

"Isn't it true that the instant you can take care of yourself you begin to talk about not being happy, and so on?" he asked, without any particular feeling. "You bet you do! Why, I never cared anything about that money, you never heard me speak of it. I always felt that by the time the lawyers and the heirs and the witnesses got through, there wouldn't be much left of it, anyway!"

"Too rich in her new position of the woman beloved by Peter to quarrel with Martin in the old unhappy fashion, Cherry laid an appealing hand on his arm.

"I'm sorry to meet you with this sort of thing," she said, simply. "I blame myself now for not writing you just how I've come to feel about it! We must make some arrangement for the future—things can't be as they were!"

"You've had it all your year ever since we were married," he began. "Now you blame me—"

"I don't blame you, Martin!"

"Well, what do you want a divorce for, then?"

"I don't even say anything about a divorce," Cherry said, fighting for time only. "But I can't go back!" she added, with a sudden force and conviction that reached him at last.

"Why can't you?"

"Because you don't love me, Martin, and—you know it—I don't love you!"

"Well, but you can't expect the very

we felt when we got married to last forever," he said, clumsily. "Do you suppose other men and women talk this way when the—the novelty has worn off?"

"I don't know how they talk. I only know how I feel!" Cherry said, chilled by the generalization.

Martin, who had stretched his legs to their length, crossed them at the ankles, and shoved his hands deep into his pockets, staring at the racing blue water with somber eyes.

"What do you want?" he asked, heavily.

"I want to live my own life!" Cherry answered, after a silence during which her tortured spirit seemed to coil the hackneyed phrase.

"That stuff!" Martin sneered, under his breath. "Well, all right, I don't care, get your divorce!" he agreed, carelessly. "But I'll have something to say about that, too," he warned her. "You can drag the whole thing up before the courts if you want to—only remember, if you don't like it much, you did it. It never occurred to me even to think of such a thing! I've done my share in this business; you never asked me for anything I could give you that you didn't get; you've never been tied down to housework like other women; you're not raising a family of kids—go ahead, tell every shop-girl in San Francisco all about it, in the papers, and see how much sympathy you get!"

"Oh, you beast!" Cherry said, between her teeth, furious tears in her eyes. The water swam in a blur of blue before her as they rose to go downstairs at Sausalito.

Martin glanced at her with impatience. Her tears never failed to anger him.

"Don't cry, for God's sake!" he said, nervously glancing about for possible onlookers. "What do you want me to do? For the Lord's sake don't make a scene until you and I have a chance to talk this over quietly—"

Cherry's thoughts were with Peter. In her soul she felt as if his arm was about her, as if she were pouring out to him the whole troubled story, sure that he would rescue and console her. She had wiped her eyes, and somewhat recovered calm, but she trusted herself only to shrug her shoulder as she preceded Martin to the train.

There was no time for another word, for Alice suddenly took possession of her. She had had time to bring her car all the six miles to Sausalito, and meant to drive them direct to the valley from there.

She greeted Martin affectionately, although even while she did so her eyes went with a quick, worried look to Cherry. They had been quarrelling, of course—it was too bad, Alice thought, but her own course was clear. Until she could take her cue from them, she must treat them both with cheerful unconcern of the storm.

They reached the valley and Martin was magnanimous about the delayed lunch. Anything would do for him, he said; he was taking a couple of days' holiday, and everything went. Now was chopping wood after lunch, and he sauntered out to the block with suggestions; Alice, laying a fire for the evening, simply because she liked to do that sort of work, was favored with directions. Finally Martin pushed her aside.

"Here, let me do that," he said. "You'd have a fine fire here, at that rate!"

Later he went down to the old house with them, to spend there an hour that was trying to both women. It was almost in order now; Cherry had planned her simple fancy in the matter of hangings and papering, and the effect was fresh and good.

"Girls going to rent this?" Martin asked.

"Unless you and Cherry come live here," Alice said boldly. He smiled tolerantly.

"Why should we?"

"Leading, eh?"

"No, not leading. But you could transfer your work to San Francisco, couldn't you?"

Martin smiled a deep, wise, long-enduring smile.

"Oh, you'd get me a job, I suppose?" he asked. "I love the way you women try to run things," he added, "but I guess I'll paddle my own canoe for a while longer!"

"There is no earthly reason why you shouldn't live here," Alice said pleasantly.

"There is no earthly reason why we should!" Martin returned. He was annoyed by a suspicion that Alice and Cherry had arranged between them to make this plan the alternative to a divorce. "To tell you the honest truth, I don't like Mill Valley!"

Alice tasted despair. Small hope of preserving this particular relationship, it was as Cherry had said, "Impossible."

"Well, we must try to make you like Mill Valley better," she said with resolute good-nature. "Of course, it means a lot to Cherry and to me to be near each other!"

"That may be true, too," Martin agreed, taking the front seat again for the drive home.

Alice was surprised at Cherry's passivity and silence; but Cherry was wrapped in a sick and nervous dream, unable either to interpret the present or face the future with any courage. Before luncheon he had followed her into her room and had put his arm about her. But she had quietly shaken him off, with the nervous murmur: "Please—no, don't kiss me, Martin!"

Stung, Martin had immediately dropped his arm, had shrugged his shoulders indifferently and laughed scornfully. Now he remarked to Alice, with some bravado: "You girls still sleeping out?"

"Oh, always—we all do!" Alice had answered readily. "Peter has an extra bunk on his porch; Cherry and I have my porch. But you can be out or in, as you choose!"

Martin ventured an answer that made Cherry's eyes glint angrily and brought a quick, embarrassed flush to Alice's face. Alice did not enjoy a certain type of joking, and she did not concede Martin even the ghost of a smile. He immediately sobered and remarked that he himself liked to be indoors at night. His suitcase was accordingly taken into the pleasant little wood-smelling room next to Peter's, where the autumn sunlight, scented with the dry sweetness of mountain shrubs, was streaming.

He began to play solitaire, on the porch table, at five, and Kow had to disturb him to set it for dinner at seven. Alice was watering the garden. Cherry was dressing. It was an exquisite hour of long shadows and brilliant lights.

Kow had put a tureen of soup on the table, and Alice had returned with damp, clean hands and trimly brushed hair, for supper, when Peter came up through the garden. Cherry had rambled off in the direction of the barn a few moments before, but Martin had followed her and brought her back, remarking that she had had no idea of the time and was idly watching Antone milking. She slipped into her place after they were all eating, and hardly raised her eyes throughout the meal. If Alice addressed her she flattered the white lids as if it were an absolute agony to look up; to Peter she did not speak at all. But to Martin she sent an occasional glance, and when the conversation lagged, as it was apt to do in this company, she nervously filled it with random remarks infinitely less reassuring than silence.

"How long do we stay here?" Martin cautiously asked his wife after dinner. "Stay here?" she echoed, at a loss.

"Yes," he answered, decidedly. "I can stand a little of it, but I don't think much of this sort of life! I thought maybe we could all go into town for dinner and the theater tomorrow or Saturday. But on Monday we'll have to beat it."

"Monday?" Cherry's heart bounded. "Martin, isn't it a mistake to go on pretending—" she began bitterly. But Peter's voice, in the drawing room, interrupted her. "I'll let you know—we'll talk about it!" she had time to say, hurriedly, before he came out to them. He flung himself into a chair.

CHAPTER XVI.

The evening dragged. Alice had suggested bridge, but Martin did not play bridge. So she went to the piano, and began to ramble through various songs.

Cherry and Peter, left at the table, did not speak to each other; Peter leaned back in his chair, with a cigarette; Cherry dreamily pushed to and fro the little anagram wooden block letters.

But presently her heart gave a great plunge, and although she did not alter her different attitude, or raise her eyes, her white hand moved with directed impulse, and Peter's casual glance fell upon the word "Alone."

When he laid his finished cigarette in the tray, it was to finger the letters himself, in turn, and Cherry realized with a great thrill of relief that he was answering her. Carelessly, and obliterating one word before he began another, he formed the question: "My office tomorrow?"

"Martin always with me," Cherry spelled back. She did not glance at Peter, but at Martin, who was watching the fire, and at Alice, whose back was toward the room.

"Come on, have another game?" Peter asked, generally, while he spelled quickly: "Will arrange sailing first possible day."

Alice, humming with her song, said: "Wait a few minutes!" and Martin glanced up to say, "No, I'm no good at that thing!"

Then Cherry and Peter were wobbled again, and she spelled: "Mark goes Monday. Plans to take me." Peter had reached for a magazine; he whirled through the pages, and yawned. Then he began to play with the anagrams again.

"Can you get away without him?" he spelled.

"How?" Cherry instantly asked. And as Peter's hands went on building a little bridge of wooden letters, she went on: "Alice to train, Martin with me to city, impossible."

"Give him the ship," Peter spelled. And after a pause he added, "Life or death."

"Difficult to evade," Cherry spelled, wiping the words away one by one.

"Must wait—" Peter began. Alice, ending her song on a crash of chords, came to the table, interrupting him. Cherry was now lazily reading a magazine; Peter had built a little pen of tiny blocks.

"I'll go you!" Alice said, with spirit. But the game was rather a languid one, nevertheless, and when it was over they gathered yawning about the mantle, ready to disperse for the night.

"And tomorrow night we dine in town and go to the Orpheum!" Alice asked, for the plan had been suggested at dinner-time.

"I'll blow you girls to any show you like," Martin offered.

Remarking that he was tired, Peter went to his room. Cherry, with only a general good-night, also disappeared, to find Alice arranging beds and pillows on their sleeping porch.

"Oh, Alice—I'm so worried—I'm sick with worry!" Cherry whimpered. "He won't listen to me. He won't hear of a divorce!"

"I know!" Alice said, distressedly.

Continued next week.



Cherry Laid an Appealing Hand on His Arm.

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Let us make your STORM WINDOWS to close up that cold porch. We also make STORM DOORS and most anything else you might need. Call and talk it over.

H. ALTON BACON

Bryant's Pond, Maine

LOOKER'S MILLS

Donald and Foster Tabbets have been away on business.

Mrs. L. F. Tabbet is quite ill at this writing.

Edith W. Tabbet was at the home on Monday for two or three days.

Anna Tabbet is away visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Tabbet, in Canada.

Charles Tabbet and family entertained company, Monday.

WILSON'S MILLS

There was no mail on Thursday owing to the storm.

A. D. Cameron has been getting ice. Mrs. Elsie Howell is teaching school in the Magalloway District.

Mrs. Sarah B. Bennett is quite ill at this writing.

Harry Hart is working for D. C. Bennett.

J. J. Littlehale is logging.

William Lee is in conversation.

Don't make too much of the tame and tame of these around you; you'll be good to yourself, and don't carry your soul over your own shoulders and mistakes.—Ada C. Street.

THE J. E. JONES LETTER

Continued from page 1

reached the state of a formal report, and this report is apparently resting comfortably in the Government archives. In the meantime the Federal Power Commission seems to be lacking in "pep" and their rules and the slowness with which they bring their methods of procedure up to date has failed to arouse any enthusiasm.

The interest in developing Muskego Shoals is entirely due to a realization on the part of the people of the South in the great benefits that can be made to accrue to a community or a section of the country through utilizing its waterpower resources. And what the South has found in its awakening is no more than a possibility that exists elsewhere throughout the country. Hydro-electric plants in certain parts of the South have recently demonstrated that they could run a superpower project of their own. They distributed their power from station to station, "tied in," as they call it, so that the system developed by these different power producers was made to serve over a circuit seven hundred miles long. It is just such a scheme as this that is contemplated on a broader scale, in the superpower project from the Androscoggin to the James. While the elaborate survey submitted earlier in the Winter by Secretary of the Interior Fall, is apparently in the somewhat stage it is rather amusing to read some backfire obviously put out in the interests of builders of locomotives, in which it is pointed out that "the steam locomotive of today is a quite different motive power from the locomotive of a decade ago." And so, it may be remarked, the electric locomotive, and the hydro-electric power and distributing plants are also different. The steam locomotives of the country are not only avaricious consumers of the products of great coal mines, but the almost universal use of steam is also responsible for the railroads devoting about half of all their transportation facilities to the hauling of coal.

This tremendous burden that is thrown upon the transportation facilities of the country is one of the things the agricultural interests are complaining of and they charge it with being largely responsible for the high cost of living and for the agricultural depression. While the Government urges waterpower and hydro-electric development it still maintains restrictive rules that so curb the possibility of reasonable returns to investors, that the forward progress of this phase of national development is apparently lagging. Meanwhile hundreds of thousands of men and unlimited machinery and transportation are in constant operation in order that piles of coal may be distributed here, there and everywhere, so that it can be burned in a definite firebox to heat the pipes in a certain boiler, when everyone knows that the common sense of the thing is to develop central power stations capable of transmitting all this energy over lines of wire—"fire by wire."

OWNERSHIP OF HOMES
More than fifty-one per cent of the homes in Des Moines, Iowa, are owned by the occupants. At the other end of the hat is New York City, where 12.7 per cent of the homes are occupied by their owners. The parents and grandparents of the adult class of today were usually owners of homes, and a half-century ago to man who owned no home of his own was regarded as a poor citizen. While homes are harder to acquire under the changed conditions of the country, yet, one ought not to be too badly discouraged by the official figures, for who would want to own a home in New York City, unless possessed of great wealth? The apartment house and the tenements make income keeping simple and the city women will tell you that the system gives them less to do at home and more time for the amusements and other lights of city society.

Mrs. Moore stands high among the women, but the small towns still have people who live in a home.

GROVER HILL

Mrs. F. J. Jones is visiting on Grover Hill at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Verrell, the village.

Mrs. Ellen Tabbet, who has been visiting friends in Maine, has returned home.

Mrs. and Mrs. Harry Hutchinson and Mrs. Josephine of Bethel were today guests at Mount View Cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Tabbet called on friends in Maine, Sunday.

Mrs. Elsie Tabbet still remains quite poorly. Her daughter, Mrs. Herbert M. Kendall, from Newry was with her a few days last week.

Forrest Chism, who has been working in Maine, is suffering from blood poison in his hand.

Some of the school children are ill with colds as well as whooping cough.

Mrs. Florence Haselton Dean from Albany was the guest of her father, Shirley Haselton, and her sister, Miss Madeline Haselton, at Mrs. R. H. Mayberry's.

Have missing a paper by receiving early

OXFORD COUNTY ALIVE TO SCOUTING

The Boy Scouts is not a new organization in Oxford County. We have seen troops come and go, thrive, languish and die for various reasons.

A new era has dawned for the boys of this county. A county organization was formed about a year ago, known as the Oxford County Council of Boy Scouts. Business men are behind it; churches and fraternal orders are working for it. The idea has come to stay and many Oxford County towns have troops in uniforms under live Scout masters.

Harold C. Perham of West Paris, Acting Assistant Executive for Oxford County advances the following program:

It is based on the principle of usual representation and has as its final goal the successful community backing of the Boy Scout Movement. There will be two committees, the Advisory Board and the Troop Committee. The Advisory Board has entire charge over all scouting in the community, while the troop committee is the body of at least three men who are in closest touch with the working troop and who form the direct official backing to the scoutmaster. In smaller communities, both committees are closely connected in regard to duties. In larger communities where there is more than one troop, the duties of the two committees are more sharply defined. In the latter case there are several distinct troop committees with representatives on the Advisory Board. In case of Community troop, all members of the troop committee belong to the Advisory Board.

The Board consists of one representative from each order in the vicinity, churches, fraternal orders, American Legion and Board of Trade or Chamber of Commerce have representation and prove active allies to this onward movement.

The aim this year is to cut out all "red tape" possible and put into effect a simple and compact program easily worked and understood. The motto is "service" and cooperation of every one interested in the welfare of boys is expected.

The plan is having unanimous backing in Oxford County where Scouting is in progress. Towns where no organization exists will be canvassed by the Executive Committee and prompt action taken to get these in line with the march of progress.

BRYANT'S POND

Perley M. Wyman of South Woodstock died at his home there on the Wyman homestead on the morning of Jan. 14, aged 64 years. Mr. Wyman had been ill for several months and had recently returned from the Lewiston Hospital. He was the only son of Freeman L. and Augusta (Perkins) Wyman. Soon after his marriage to Miss Kate Roseburg of Woodstock he built a home on the farm of his father's, known as the Pleasant Valley Fruit Farm, and had been interested for some years in the fruit business with his father. He was a member of West Paris Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Mrs. Jennie M. Currier is at the Portland Eye and Ear Infirmary for treatment.

Gertry Wing, one of our oldest village residents, has been quite ill the past week with an attack of the grip.

Edwin R. Perham has sold his property on the Gore, known as Dudley Cottage, to Ernest Christy of Massachusetts. It is understood that Mr. Christy will take possession in the spring and will continue the business of keeping summer boarders.

The Dearborn Spool Co. will start up their saw mill the present week. Quite an amount of birch has been landed in their yards and there is prospect of a steady run until April at least.

At the special town meeting recently held, the petitioners for a private winter road across the land of Frank Whitman carried the day. Very few voters were out. Thomas W. Gordon was chosen moderator.

Five hundred deaf and dumb children of New York attended a showing of the film play "The Man Without a Country" as guests of the American Legion. Each child wrote one way on Americanism based on impressions of the play.

Five hundred unemployed veterans of the World War in New York were given employment as movie super in the studios at Manhattan Long Island.

The Mark Hamilton post of the American Legion at Muskego is organizing its own band, orchestra, glee club, vaudeville team and dramatic company.

Nashrank, Minn., has turned over an abandoned school building to the American Legion for a club house. The building will be remodeled.

MORE—MORE

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Turnips and Cabbage Heads

By MALCOLM BROWN.

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"We'll be as happy as birds in their nest," said Alice, joyfully, as she and her husband returned from their honeymoon and surveyed the old colonial farmhouse, standing in its two acres of ground. It was the ideal of a country home—such a home as Alice and Jim had always dreamed of, now come to fulfillment.

"And we'll grow our own vegetables," said Jim, blithely.

"And flowers, dear," said Alice, smiling.

"But who'll take care of them?"

"Why, that's easy," Alice answered.

"I'll take charge of the flowers, Jim, and you can mind the vegetables.

"And—listen, Jim! Let's each raise our own plots secretly, and mind, the other is not to come into that part of the garden or look at it until everything is blooming. Then the one that has the finest display gets the prize."

"Which is?"

"A kiss," said Alice, smiling.

"I'll take mine now," said Jim—and he did.

They had only been married a month and their experience of home-making was delightful.

And all sorts of things were planted and actually began to sprout. Neither of them considered it anything but magic when the first green sprouts appeared. And after a while a tiny bloom made its appearance in the flower garden.

"Now, Jim, no looking," said Alice, mischievously.

"But—hang it, Alice, you're not going to keep me out of the garden the whole summer are you?" he asked.

"But Jim, you can look from afar. And you can walk on the lawn. Only, you must not come up to the flower beds. Because I have a big surprise for you in preparation."

It must be confessed that Jim did look. And as the flowers bloomed and the whole garden became one riotous mass of blossoms, he began importuning Alice more and more frequently to be allowed to see his surprise. At last she fixed upon the following Saturday.

Meanwhile Jim had not been idle. He, too, had prepared a little surprise for Alice. He had taken advantage of her permission to plant flowers, and with great dexterity, had placed a bed of sweet alyssum, as a compliment to her, setting it out in such a way that the arrangement of the flowers spelled out the letters of her name. When the green leaves appeared and actually grew true his delight was unbounded.

One of the hardest things he had to do was to remember the various vegetables. He had hit upon an ingenious method of overcoming this difficulty—he had planted them alphabetically.

Saturday came. Jim was in a ferment of excitement when his wife led him into the garden.

Jim looked and stared. Alice had hit upon his own design. The flowers were growing in a rather straggly but unmistakable letter J.

"Sweet Williams," whispered Alice, looking at him, triumphantly.

"Yes—but—" stammered her husband.

"That's a compliment to you, dear," she said. "You see, there isn't any Sweet James, so I pretended that your name was William instead. Aren't you pleased?"

"Pleased? I'm delighted," he cried.

"But Alice, dear, do you know I have thought of just the same thing for you?"

"Show me at once, Jim," commanded his wife, delightedly.

Alice looked at the growth in perplexity.

"But Jim, where are the flowers?" she asked.

"Flowers? I didn't know sweet alyssum had any flowers. You are my flower," he added, diplomatically, for the expression on his wife's face had become quite curious.

She stooped over the growth and suddenly reached out her hand and pulled a handful from the ground. And then she sat down upon the path and burst into tears.

"Alice! Dearest! What's the matter?" cried Jim. "Don't you like them? Way, I planted them because I wanted them to remind me always of you."

"Yes, that's it," she sobbed. "I always knew you didn't really love me, but I never thought you would show it in such a cowardly, mean way as this. It's—it's turnip tops. And you said they reminded you of me!"

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed in horror. "Alice! I planted them alphabetically and I-I began at the wrong end. Come over here. Here—here they are!"

Alice cast one glance at his new bed and began weeping anew.

"But—!" she sobbed. "Those are cabbage heads!"

They made up two minutes later, but now they have a hired man to tend the vegetable garden. Jim helps Alice with the flowers and they have some real sweet alyssum blooming round the sweet williams.

More About "It Don't"

A teacher in Connecticut had asked a question in grammar and a dozen boys held up their hands. Selecting one of the number the teacher said, "Well, Freddie, why is it that 'it don't' is wrong?"

"Because it don't sound right," answered the boy, and there was a roar of laughter.

Federal System of Placement Training for Ex-Service Men All Wrong

By COL. C. R. FORBES, Director U. S. Veterans' Bureau



agers of these institutions.

From the investigation I have made on the subject of vocational education, as now being conducted by the government, I am convinced that our present method of placement training has been demonstrated conclusively to be all wrong. Former service men, who have been given medical attention in hospitals, are now being placed in many instances in sweatshops and "mushroom concerns." They are not being given the training contemplated by the government, but on the other hand are being used as a source of cheap labor for the purpose of earning profits for the managers of these institutions.

Furthermore, the government has furnished these privately managed training shops with their machinery and equipment. I propose to close every "mushroom" institution. There are 40 or 50 different types of these. I figure there are 30,000 veterans of the total 100,000 now receiving vocational training in places of this character. I doubt very much if five per cent of the entire 6,000 veterans represented as rehabilitated are actually engaged in the work assigned to them by the government. They are accepted for certain classes for training in designated institutions, and all too frequently are assigned to some other class of work which will make the proprietor more money for himself.

Isn't it rotten on the face of it? It is nothing short of slavery to put men in certain types of these institutions. We want to establish schools so the men will be honestly and properly rehabilitated instead of destroying their morale. We are going to give better study to the physical, mental and moral side of each man given into our care.

In addition to these schools there will be employment offices created for the location of men after they have been thoroughly trained, and there will be a follow-up system so that when a trainee after leaving the government schools shows a special aptitude in his work he can be given specialized assistance. Graduates of the national schools will be given certificates as journeymen under a guarantee of the government.

It Would Be a Terrible Reflection Upon Modern Civilization If—

By GOVERNOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD—Address in Japan

There has been a great deal of loose and foolish talk about trouble between America and Japan. But all this is nonsense. I think I know the American people well, and I am certain that on their part there is no desire and no intention to dwell in any but the friendliest relations with their neighbors of Japan.

Loose and idle reports by irresponsible persons have been largely responsible for this talk of strained relations, but our relations are not strained, and are going always to be good. Americans want to build up trade and commerce, but welcome open and fair competition. Americans are sure the Japanese ask only the same. There is room enough for all in honorable competition.

It would be a terrible reflection upon modern civilization if two great peoples like those of Japan and the United States could not get together around the conference board and settle all, or nearly all, of their difficulties. We cannot hide the fact, of course, that great issues may arise that will challenge all our will and diplomacy to reach a solution, but there seems to be nothing in the present situation between Japan and America justifying even a suspicion of such an issue.

Whether the United States and Canada Are Peopled by Incendiaries—

By W. F. MALLALIEU, National Fire Protective Association

We must admit that the older nations of the world regard us in North America with curious eyes. They cannot understand exactly how we do it. They have not made up their minds whether the United States and Canada are peopled by incendiaries or if we are childish people who love to play with matches.

Perhaps in the carelessness of the use of fire the United States and Canada are the greatest offenders in the world. Our citizens grow up with the smell of smoke in their nostrils and the clang of the fire gong in their ears.

If the average citizen can be persuaded to stop and discuss the matter, he will admit that the results of the fire are deplorable, that the annual loss of from 15,000 to 20,000 lives is distressing, that the almost incredible destruction of property is at least unfortunate; but there his interest seems to end, and he turns his thoughts to more personal affairs, unless fire may happen to visit him as well, when for a time it acquires a personal flavor.

For British and American Lawyers to Contribute to the World's Peace

By SIR JOHN A. SIMON, K. C., British Leader of the Bar

The fact that we trace our reverence of law from a common fount, is one of the chief causes of Anglo-American friendship. In our practice of the law we are guided by the same principles and arrive at the same conclusions as yourselves. Here in actual existence is a case of "hands across the sea." The application of these same principles may be a strong force in the movement for the peace of the world. It is in our hands, the lawyers of these two great countries, to do quite as much as the statesmen or the press in making a contribution to the peace of the world. The world is sick of war. We must do what we can to save the world from future misery.

If the lawyers of our country who preserve the ideal view of the progress and traditions of the two nations would devote themselves to that task with the same fervor with which our soldiers laid down their lives in France, such occasions as this international gathering would, in the future, not be passing incidents, but indications of our work together in saving the world from future misery and mutual destruction.

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